

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,481, Vol. 57.

March 15, 1884.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

EGYPT.

GENERAL GRAHAM'S second battle with the Soudanese was even harder fought than his first, and that, in the proportions and conditions of the matter, is the highest possible praise. The best troops in the world might envy the gallantry of the Arabs who broke the Second Brigade and for a time captured its guns; while the rally and recovery of that brigade might (to speak modestly) not always have been accomplished even by very good troops. As before, a more generous and thoughtful equipment of the expedition would have enabled it to accomplish its objects far more cheaply. But, as before, so long as the almost entirely avoidable character of the slaughter on both sides is not considered, the battle is a satisfactory enough subject of consideration. Judging by Lord HARTINGTON's programme of Monday, it will not be the last fought, even if the Government does not give effect to General GORDON's wishes and open the road from Souakim to Berber. Very possibly, after the surprising advances of their policy recently, they may do this, and may set to work to clear the Eastern Soudan generally and rescue Kassala. There can be no objection to all this, except that it ought to have been done months ago, that the doing of it would have saved infinite expense of life and money, and that it will have to be done now at nearly the most unfavourable period of the year instead of at quite the most favourable. But these are now chronic and invariable objections to the foreign policy of the English Government. The Procrastination Department, as it may be called, to vary a little Lord LYTON's pleasant suggestion of Monday night, has been at work again; that is all. There is yet nothing absolutely lost in Egypt, owing to the special favour of the Upper Powers and the gallantry of Englishmen. One feels rather inclined to parody a famous criticism and apply it to Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry, in the form that nothing but such luck could get the better of such blunders, and that nothing but such blunders could minimize the effect of such luck.

Lord HARTINGTON's speech of Monday, however, which for the first time really affords something like that declaration of policy which the Ministry have alternately refused to give, and described themselves as having given, and which makes the proceedings of the expeditionary force for the first time intelligible, has many other points of interest. Not the least of these is that it was Lord HARTINGTON who was put up to make it, or chose to make it, or blundered into it during the occultation of Mr. GLADSTONE. It has desperately alarmed and annoyed the extreme Radical party, much of whose time has been spent in trying to gloss it over, and it has proportionately comforted the moderate Liberals, who were beginning to despair of their leaders. To the impartial observer it would perhaps have been more thoroughly satisfactory if it had not been so obviously fitted, not to say calculated, to produce these identical effects. Those who interest themselves in the *personnel* of politics have never yet been able to make up their minds whether Lord HARTINGTON is the ideal of an honest, plain, good man, or whether his faculty of artful dodging is equal to that of the most accomplished creations of the novelist's genius. Lord HARTINGTON is always blurting out, or seeming to blurt out, exactly the kind of statement which is wanted to comfort and strengthen some particular section of the Liberal party. Now the dejected and semi-mutinous Radicals are comforted with

assurances that England is going to clear out of Egypt in six months; now the moderate Liberals, fluttered by the thoughts of a wholesale enfranchisement of treason, are refreshed by Lord HARTINGTON's doubts as to the suitability of Reform Bills to the circumstances of Ireland. Unfortunately the practical results of these encouraging, if casual, remarks often leave a good deal to be desired. The hearts of the Radicals, lifted up by Lord HARTINGTON's six months speech, were, long before the six months were over, "fracted" and corroborate by discovering that there was not the least hope of any such evacuation. The spirits of such moderate Liberals as rejoiced at Lord HARTINGTON's Irish doubts must be in doleful dumps now that the Cabinet (with Lord HARTINGTON consenting) have brought in a Bill to enfranchise the Irish anarchists in a mass. These precedents are not cheerful; but there is one hope for the new watchword of "The Red Sea for England!" It has been received by the public in a manner which shows that it would be very dangerous for an English Government to drop it again; and the operations in which that Government has engaged are themselves almost certain to entail other operations which will make a backing-out policy nearly hopeless. Now that Lord HARTINGTON has avowed, what some of Lord HARTINGTON's critics have been pointing out for months, that there are European Powers who are longing to be at the Egyptian Littoral, and that it would be very inconvenient to have them there; now that he has defined and emphasized the previous vagueness of the Government policy generally by asserting that we must stay in Egypt, not merely till we have set up an apparently stable Government, but till we have the amplest proof by experience that the Government really is stable—there is no need to press for annexation, which might shock the European Powers, or for a protectorate which, though virtually inevitable, need not nominally be proclaimed. To go back to what was said long ago, a wise man does not clamour for the fee-simple when he has a peppercorn-lease indefinitely renewable.

But if the Government, with the ominous exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, appear to be in a hot and cheerful fit as to Egypt proper and the Littoral, they are still cold as to Khartoum and the course of the Nile. We have never varied since the news of HICKS PASHA's defeat (we do not know that any one who knows the facts, except the fanatics of non-intervention, ever has varied) as to the imbecility of abandoning the northern gate of Central Africa, the post which commands all the Upper Nile, the centre of the Soudan trade-routes, the landward station of the roads leading from that coast, which we are now lavishing money and men to clear and hold. It is now tolerably certain (and here the interregnum gave Lord HARTINGTON another opportunity of letting a valuable cat out of a hitherto tightly-tied bag) that General GORDON is, as it always seemed incredible he should not be, of the same mind. The absurd preans of victory which were raised over his doings when he had as yet done nothing are hushed, and it is clear that he must have support of some kind at Khartoum; but it is still not clear that the Government has made up its mind to give him that support, and therefore pressure must still be put on it. Hitherto that pressure has worked admirably, and the persistence of the Opposition has deserved nobly of the country. The debate on the Vote of Confidence forced the Government to send General GRAHAM; the debate in Supply elicited from Lord HARTINGTON the remarkable declarations here commented on, and the confession just noticed to the effect that the

Government and General GORDON are not quite so much of a mind as Mr. GLADSTONE (steadily refusing to let it be seen what that mind is) has been wont to assert. A third debate may not improbably crystallize the fluid resolution of the Ministry into a resolve to hold Khartoum. Whether it is held directly or by deputy is a matter on which reasonable men will trouble themselves very little. The anti-slavery monomaniacs are extremely careful and troubled about ZOBIEIR, and, as against the Government, they may have a good case. The non-intervention monomaniacs are naturally alarmed at any deflection from the policy of retirement, if possible without rescuing; but, if the country will not stand that, at any rate immediately after rescuing. They, too, may, as against Mr. GLADSTONE, have a good case likewise. But the matter at stake is really the interest of England. What is wanted is either that Egyptian—that is to say, English—hands be kept on the reins at Khartoum, or else that hands which can be trusted by Englishmen shall hold those reins. For the sake of Egypt at the present time, inasmuch as the command of the Nile is all-important to her, and as the perpetual defence of a southern frontier would be ruinous to her finances; for the sake of the Power behind Egypt in the future, whenever it may be time once more to open the Soudan to European trade and influence, it is indispensable that Khartoum should be kept. It would appear that it is not quite impossible, with the help of events, of General GORDON's generalship, and of constant pressure on the Government in Parliament, to make the Ministry accept this. They would have to eat some words, but that is a familiar diet to them; and when the eating is in the interest of the country, indulgence in it is a venial luxury.

LONDON MUNICIPAL REFORM.

MR. GLADSTONE'S devoted followers sometimes assume the privilege of dictating in somewhat peremptory language the course which is to be followed by their revered and trusted leader. The London Municipal Reform League allows him three weeks for the introduction of the Bill for establishing a Metropolitan Corporation. At the end of that limited period the Association will consider whether it may be proper to frighten the Government and the House of Commons by a mob meeting in Hyde Park. Mr. GLADSTONE had in answer to a former communication to the same effect repeated his favourite formula about obstruction. Like CALER BALDERSTONE's storm, the tendency of members to speak before they vote accounts, in Mr. GLADSTONE's judgment, for all his Parliamentary misfortunes. It is scarcely probable that a gathering of the roughs of London in Hyde Park will accelerate the progress of legislative business. The Franchise Bill, which will do more serious harm than any scheme for creating a local government in London, has naturally taken precedence of other Ministerial measures; but, as Mr. GLADSTONE contends, the mention of the London Municipal Bill in the QUEEN'S Speech ought to satisfy a Mr. PHILLIPS and a Mr. LLOYD who are respectively Treasurer and Secretary of the Reform League that the Government is in earnest. Probably no inhabitant of London had heard of either of these official persons in any public capacity before the beginning of the recent agitation; but it seems that one of them has been admitted to an interview with Sir W. HARCOURT, and both recommend the assemblage of a noisy multitude to regulate the local administration of the greatest city in the world. The proposal was for the present rejected by a majority of the Association on the express ground that confidence ought to be reposed in Mr. GLADSTONE, which, as some speakers declared, would have been withheld from any other Minister. Three weeks hence the agitators may, perhaps, execute their threat of making the Park inaccessible for a few hours to decent and peaceable citizens.

Although the Bill will probably not include the transfer of the control of the police from the Home Office to the new Corporation, the demagogues will not fail to reserve their claim to the concession; and it is far from improbable that a weak Government may hereafter abdicate the duty of protecting order and property in London. It is worth noting that one of the first proposals of those who pretend to express the feelings and opinions of the future municipal constituency is that a display of physical force should be made for the purpose of intimidating Parliament. If the same faction already possessed the control of the police, a possible repetition of the Hyde Park riot of 1866 might perhaps be permitted or countenanced by

the civil force. The ratepayers of London have no reason to regret the instinctive suspicion with which they have from the first regarded an exclusively political movement. It is well known that the Association consists largely of the managers of parochial Caucuses; and indeed one of the speakers at the meeting on last Saturday described himself as chairman or president of an institution which seems to be called the Radical Club. It is true that half a dozen respectable members of one or other House of Parliament have from time to time expressed their approval of the proposed measure; but the hostility or indifference of the general population has been conspicuously displayed. Mr. FIRTH would scarcely be the most prominent promoter of a great local revolution which commanded general support. Lord DALHOUSIE, who has lately joined in the agitation, is by no means devoid of ability; but he is perhaps repeating a mistake which he made on his first entrance into political life. It may be admitted that an alliance with Mr. FIRTH and with the unknown Mr. PHILLIPS and Mr. LLOYD is safer and less objectionable than a negotiation with the Liverpool Irish.

Unless the Government and the House are disposed to receive inspiration from Hyde Park, there is reason to suppose that the professed hopes of the Municipal Reform League will be once more disappointed. There is no doubt that Sir W. HARCOURT will introduce the Bill in the present Session, and that he will do his best to pass it; but the time will scarcely suffice for the discussion of a necessarily complicated scheme. The Easter recess will begin in somewhat more than three weeks; and the interval will be fully occupied. It is not yet absolutely certain that the Franchise Bill will be read a second time before Easter; and in any case little progress will have been made in the discussion of the measure. The ordinary but indispensable business of the Estimates will occupy some days, and one sitting must be reserved for the Budget. The Government may perhaps arrange that the Municipal Bill shall be introduced with a full explanation on the first reading; but it cannot advance another stage before Easter. At present the opposition is founded on general principles, and especially on the danger of investing a great political organization with formidable powers. Sir W. HARCOURT, though he will probably make an elaborate, and perhaps a brilliant, speech, will provoke opposition on every point of detail. To carry such a measure in the second half of a Session already occupied with one more important topic may perhaps not be impossible, but it will be difficult; and the most competent judges have fully satisfied themselves that the attempt will fail. The growing unpopularity of the Caucus system will extend to a scheme of which a main object is to be the municipal privileges for the manipulation of Parliamentary elections. A gigantic Birmingham in which all the members of one great party are condemned to civic excommunication will not excite general enthusiasm. It is probable that, nevertheless, a municipality will be sooner or later established; but delay will increase the probability that security may be taken against the worst abuses. If the promoters consult experienced and neutral members of Parliament, they will find that the passage of the Bill in the present Session is regarded as highly improbable.

No person can believe that the parochial Caucuses and Radical Clubs which constitute the Association take any serious interest in the administrative efficiency of the proposed Corporation. Some of the subordinate agitators perhaps expect to be rewarded by places and salaries under the new Corporation; the more ambitious leaders hope for due recognition of the services which they will have rendered to their party. It is not known that a single Conservative among four millions of inhabitants of London has expressed approval of the scheme; yet no class is more deeply interested in the economical and judicious management of local affairs. By common consent it is understood that the questions at issue are exclusively political. Neither party attaches serious importance to the conventional argument that a new motive power is needed to deal with such matters as sewerage or the supply of gas or water. The abortive Water Bill of the present Corporation, whatever may have been its faults, was assuredly not wanting in audacity. The tradesmen and the private residents have carefully kept aloof from Mr. FIRTH and his meetings, having no object to attain by pretending to believe that municipal improvement is seriously contemplated. Radical Clubs as such care nothing for frivolous matters such as paving and lighting.

If, contrary to general expectation, the Municipal Bill were carried during the present year, the new organization might perhaps exercise some influence on redistribution of seats. The Government appears at present to shrink from the experiment of allotting to London the whole number of seats to which it might be entitled by population. A representation numerically equal to that of Scotland and to four-fifths of the representation of Ireland would undoubtedly seem excessive and invidious; but a Corporation elected by a population of four millions might add considerable weight to the demand for equal and uniform representation. In this and other cases the political character of the new Municipality will exercise injurious influence. At present, both the City Corporation and the Metropolitan Board of Works are, with all their defects, independent of party. The demagogues who propose to arrange open-air meetings evidently care for nothing else. In their immediate object of accelerating the legislation in which they profess to be interested they will almost certainly fail; and it may be hoped that they will not succeed in disturbing and alarming the peaceable population. The coarser forms of agitation would not be needed if the inhabitants of London really took an interest in Mr. FIRTH's enterprise. In such questions as the internal administration of a great city popular opinion ought undoubtedly to be consulted; but it is notorious that the present system, if it commands little enthusiasm, excites no general discontent. It is only since the proposed change was taken up by the Government that it became possible even to induce Radical Clubs to concern themselves with the affairs of London. All former schemes for creating a Municipality have been withdrawn before they have been introduced into the House of Commons. The promoters of the present agitation may, perhaps, learn from Mr. GLADSTONE's answer to their remonstrances that he is not deeply interested in the measure. It is more to his purpose to complain of the imaginary obstruction which is, according to his favourite theory, fatal to almost all his beneficial legislation. If obstruction consists in disproportionate attention bestowed on secondary matters to the detriment of more important questions, the introduction of a Municipal Bill during the actual pressure of business would be thoroughly obstructive.

RUSSIA AT MERV.

THE debate on this important subject in the House of Lords on Monday was, on the whole, worthy of the occasion. Almost every one who represents in the assembly which is best fitted to deal with such subjects knowledge and experience on the particular point spoke, and, with one exception, every one who spoke was equal to the opportunity. The career of Lord KIMBERLEY—if that stately word may be applied to the promenade of respectable and accommodating incompetence which has transferred the present Indian Secretary from one department of State to another—made it necessary that he should speak, and the nature of Lord KIMBERLEY made it necessary that he should speak ineptly. Of him nothing more need be said. The Duke of ARGYLL, with characteristic vigour, abandoned and made nothing of his former theory of the impossibility of Russian advance through Central Asia. Lord NORTHBROOK revived with courage the exploded fallacies of 1880. As to the Afghan policy of the late Government, Lord GRANVILLE, in a speech which really deserved the highest praise, practically admitted that everything the Opposition said was true, confessed that he had been aware of the truth all along, and, with an amiable effrontery probably not possible to any other living statesman, allowed it to be understood that he had never done anything to give effect to his convictions. On the other side, Lord LYTTON, Lord CRANBROOK, Lord CARNARVON, and Lord SALISBURY all urged the seriousness of the present situation, as it was fitting that it should be urged; and Lord NAPIER of Magdala wound up the debate in a speech as full of knowledge and judgment as it was free from partisan character. It may almost be said that a careful reading of this discussion alone would serve as an outfit for the average Briton on the Central Asian question.

That, however, is a very minor point. The point which is of real importance is the complete and unanimous abandonment both by the three official champions of Ministerial mismanagement and by their candid friend, the Duke of ARGYLL, of the two arguments on which in the past all defenders of the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE's Governments in

these regions have relied. The nice and chivalrous sympathy which felt an imputation on the honesty of Russian professions as something intolerable is dead and buried. The Duke of ARGYLL, Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord NORTHBROOK, Lord GRANVILLE, hasten in chorus to assure the British public that Russian promises are waste paper. They even add (surely with *trop de zèle*) that they always knew them to be waste paper. We say with *trop de zèle*, for it will probably occur to the unsophisticated Englishman that this knowledge might with some advantage have been communicated to him before. It may also seem to him that if the statesmen who so often and so indignantly called the honour of the CZAR to their aid in past times, knew that honour to be a thing of which, as the young lady remarked to PETER SIMPLE, "the less said the better," their own is in a little danger, seeing that it was certainly pawned for what is now alleged to have been worthless, and known to be worthless. However, this is perhaps unkind. Let us be grateful to these noble peers for their late acknowledgment of the utter worthlessness of Russian engagements, and let us make a note of the protesting of these engagements, so that at any rate they may not be palmed off on the public again. In the second place, the argument of physical impossibility which used to rank with that of the pledges is also given up—of necessity, no doubt, and *sub silentio* for the most part, but still given up. The guardians of England's interests who used to assert that the CZAR would not if he could, and could not if he would, now with a very poor mouth indeed admit that they always rather thought the CZAR would if he could, and that they have been convinced that, being willing, he has found no difficulty about it. The admissions may imply a good deal as to the statesmanlike ability of the men who have to make them, but they are valuable admissions. Henceforward it is agreed that what has to be done is to make preparations against Russia on the Central Asian side. That is what all men who know anything about the matter have been urging for years and decades. It will have to be done now, owing to the conduct of the four Liberal spokesmen of Monday night, in very much less favourable circumstances than those in which it could have been done twenty, twelve, or even four years ago. But it is agreed that it must be done, and that is a vast gain.

It is, however, only a gain provided that the recognition of the "must" is followed up by the "shall." And it seems more than probable that between the must and the shall there will be an interval which public insistence must induce the Government to bridge. The promised measures for resuming and completing Lord LYTTON's policy in Quetta and its neighbourhood are good, but they are not sufficient. The foreign policy of Russia (and, as all reasonable people who have understood it have again and again remarked, it is quite unnecessary to rage and rave against that policy) is perfectly comprehensible, and every stage which it passes through, and is likely to pass through, can be foreseen and foretold with perfect certainty. When Merv was first annexed (we continue to call a spade a spade) elaborate protestations were made by the Russian semi-official press that nothing more was meant, and that Sarakhs *nominatim* was not in the least aimed at. The annexation was taken in England with calmness, and now we hear that an Afghan-Persian-Turkoman delimitation is to take place which will probably give Sarakhs to Russia, and, at any rate, will go close up to it. Added to this, it is announced that Prince DONDOUKOFF-KORSAKOFF is going to Merv to study the circumstances of the country. Now, if there was one thing which was understood when Sir CHARLES DILKE dexterously burked inquiry into Russian proceedings a couple of years ago, it was that the line of demarcation agreed upon between Persia and Russia east of the Sumbar was to run northward of the Attock, the fertile border district of Deregez, Muhummadabad, Kilat, and Sarakhs. And if Prince DONDOUKOFF-KORSAKOFF is known to be good at anything, he is good at devising circumstances which may make it necessary to extend that civilizing mission of Russia of which Liberal statesmen (while regretting the lamentable fact that civilization does not here include the art of speaking the truth) think so highly. It is perfectly true that the misdeeds of the present English Ministry have made Merv of less importance than it was; but it is still more true that another misdeed of the same kind—the permission to Russia to advance eastwards from Askabad—would even exceed their former blunders. There is at the present moment little reason to apprehend serious resistance from Russia if

a firm stand is taken upon this question of the frontier. And bad as the best must needs be now that the Turkomans have been thrown into the arms of Russia, it is still possible, by intelligent action in Persia, by maintenance of the station at Quetta and its communications, and by steady resistance to the absorption of the Attock, to preserve a fair balance between Russian and English advantages in the attack and defence of India. In reality, the Persian part of the matter is now the most important of all. In a wise foreign policy—the policy of the eagle and not of the ostrich—conciliation of the SHAH to English interests would now hold the very first place as far as anterior Asia is concerned. It is sometimes assumed that Persia is irrevocably Russian, which is not at all the case, though the influence of Russia has beyond doubt been unwisely allowed to grow of late. But Russia is feared in Persia and England is not; neither need it be. The recent policy of Russia in regard to the Trans-Caucasian Railway has inflicted a considerable inconvenience on Persia, which gives an admirable opportunity for improving the Trebizonde and Gulf routes, especially the latter. It is unfortunate, no doubt, that the traditional enmity of the two great Mahomedan Powers naturally has a tendency to estrange the one from an ally of the other. But of late years, at any rate, English policy has hardly been so philo-Turkish or Turkish policy so Anglophile as to give the SHAH ground of umbrage. And there is no doubt that, though Russia has for a century gnawed steadily and cunningly at the Caucasian provinces of Persia, though she has succeeded in turning the Caspian (which but a few years ago was something very different) into a Russian lake, and though she now marches with the SHAH on his north-eastern frontier, the importance of Persia, from its wedgelike position, has not been seriously impaired. A Russian expedition from the Caucasus into Asia Minor, a Russian expedition from Turkestan to India, would both be exposed to Persian action in flank, and if that action were judiciously applied, it would be very awkward for either. Instead of the impossibility of a strong and friendly Afghanistan, the possibility of a strong and friendly Persia is what English politicians should look to—now that both sides are at last awake—now that the farce of friendliness between England and Russia, of Russian trustworthiness, and of the insuperableness of the Central Asian deserts, is by consent of the principal actors played out and struck off the bills. What we have now to do (*teste David cum Sibylla*), by the witness of the Duke of ARGYLL as well as of LORD SALISBURY, of LORD NORTHBROOK as well as of LORD LYTTON, is to make ourselves strong against Russia, knowing that Russia, whatever she says, will lose no opportunity of making herself strong against us.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

IN spite of the puny efforts of humanitarians, the old instinct of sport is still alive in the breasts of Englishmen. We do not now speak of forms of sport which involve any danger or which afford any healthy exercise. Nothing is safer than beating cats to death, except the trapping of rare beasts, such as otters on the Thames. Cats and otters have been suffering a good deal lately from the British sportsman. Those ferocious and untameable animals, cats, are being rapidly thinned by the exertions of army students; while a man with a trap has boldly achieved the destruction of the last of the Thames otters. The views of sport entertained by these worthies seem to deserve record; and it were a pity if the names of the gallant cat-killers escaped celebration.

It is difficult to know whether the feats of RICHARD COTTERILL, REGINALD ROOME, and THOMAS SEDDON, or the isolated exploit of the trapper, best deserve precedence. Perhaps there was more gallantry and sportsmanlike conduct in the behaviour of the three former hunters. An unsympathetic policeman, 221 X, ran in the young adventurers last week. They were all described as "army students"; and, as students need some relaxation, they untraced their minds by beating cats to death in the evenings. Records of sport, like records of battles, often vary a good deal in the mouths of different narrators. Let us first take the artless story of Policeman X 221. He stated that he had seen Messrs. COTTERILL, ROOME, and SEDDON beating a cat with their sticks. The boldness of this assault by three candidates for the profession of arms on the person of one animal so desperate and ferocious as

the cat may well excite incredulity. But, according to the policeman, SEDDON, ROOME, and COTTERILL were not alone. They were aided in their courageous exploit by two other valiant youths, not in custody. Five men, with sticks, against one cat are certainly safe odds. When the expiring cat was reinforced by Policeman X 221 the five allies ran away, and the policeman "then saw a cat lying dead on "the pavement." He had come up too late for the relief of this cat, but he pursued the flying five. He then "saw "COTTERILL knock another cat out of a doorway on to "the pavement, and the other young men joined in "beating the animal to death." The allied forces then withdrew, but were surrounded and captured in Westbourne Grove. "Both cats were killed." Before the worthy magistrate, at Marylebone, Mr. COTTERILL stated that "only "one cat was touched." Sportsmen seldom show this frank anxiety to lower the record of their bag. According to Inspector ATTWOOD, all three prisoners admitted that they had beaten one cat to death, *which they said they did for sport!*

This confession seems a little damaging, at least the true lover of sport will think so, to the cause of these *chasseurs*. One can imagine a more touching and plausible defence. Here, the advocate might say, were the pale and the weary students, struggling all day and most of the night with the cruel tasks imposed by modern examinations—mathematics, modern languages, history, drawing, engineering, and similar topics engage them, till they seek a little feverish repose. Even that brief oblivion of care is denied them by cats, which howl in their melodious way under the eavesments of the virtuous army student. Driven to despair, the army student sallies out against the feline leaguer; *furor arma ministrat*, he catches up a stick, or an umbrella, and dashes against the foe. His only object is to gain undisturbed slumbers, and he pities the cat while he smites the disturber of the night.

This is quite a pretty case, and might have drawn iron tears down the worthy cheek of the Marylebone magistrate. But the cat-killers made this defence impossible. "They "admitted beating one cat to death, and said they did it "for sport." Their sticks were "formidable weapons, each "big and heavy enough to kill a cat." Apparently cat-killing is not the only sport enjoyed by "young gentlemen "of position" in Notting Hill. "Gardens were robbed, and "vases and other ornaments knocked down and broken." Finally the sportsmen received the most admirable character from their coach, who "never was more surprised." Had they not been young men of position and in the possession of riches, they would have suffered twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour. In this country, however, there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor. Consequently it costs a costermonger three weeks' hard labour to indulge in a sport so elevating and manly as beating cats to death with sticks. An army student, on the other hand, gets off with a fine of three pounds. His hard labour is estimated at the value of a pound a week and his meals. Perhaps this tariff is too high, but the advantage of having plenty of money when one desires to beat cats to death is conspicuous.

The defence of one of the cat-killers has been published in a letter in the *Standard*. The sportsman appeals to his countrymen through the press. He maintains that "only "one cat was struck at," showing the old anxiety to prove that the bag, after all, was a very light one. But why should any cats be struck at? Secondly, "only two of us "struck at the cat." Oh, gallant two! "The dauntless "Three" of Roman legend are eclipsed by the two budding warriors who struck at the one cat. Were the two COTTERILL and ROOME, or ROOME and SEDDON, or SEDDON and COTTERILL, or how were the perils and honours of the adventure divided? Did either of the two nameless allies who fled out of the hands of the police join in the affray? The third part of the defence is that "Inspector "ATTWOOD at first refused us bail, and so showed his "animus"—showed, in fact, a deplorable lack of sympathy with sport. Finally, the sportsmen were actually "locked "up with the common prisoners till our case came on, one "hour and a half." What unheard-of barbarity! If Messrs. SEDDON, COTTERILL, and ROOME had not possessed three pounds apiece, they actually would be "common "prisoners" at the present moment. Sixty shillings apiece make all the difference between a common and an uncommon prisoner. But for those pieces of silver the detention of the uncommon prisoners would have lasted, with hard labour, not for one hour and a half, but for three weeks.

Reflection on this will perhaps induce the sportsmen to spare the harmless cat for the future, and to entertain different and more manly notions about sport.

The case of the otter is another example of the perverted notions of sport too common in England. Traces of an otter were found near Cliefden. A sportsman, or a naturalist, would have rejoiced that this representative of the old sylvan life still lingered in the crowded Thames. But the ferocious hatred which the ordinary Briton bears to everything out of the way at once declared itself. The common Philistine tears up every rare fern or plant, and shoots or traps every rare bird or beast that comes within his destructive range. So some one trapped the otter; the otter was done to a shameful death. Otter-hunting, in spite of KINGSLEY, is not a sport in which the two sides are equally matched. So many men, and spears, and dogs against one water beast are as long odds as the five army students in league against the cat. But men, at all events, gain plenty of difficult exercise in the finest air and the most beautiful scenery. A laggard cannot keep up long with an otter-hunt. This was enough for KINGSLEY, whose enthusiasm for the sport, such as it is, came out in *Two Years Ago*. But to assassinate an otter, with gun or trap, is as hopelessly unsportsmanlike as to kill bluebottles on a window. Otters are not the only sufferers on the Thames. All the delightful birds that it is a pleasure to watch, all the pretty shy beasts, from water-rats to squirrels, are potted by cockneys. Kingfishers have almost disappeared from England, yet there is no more beautiful sight than the flashing sapphires and emeralds of the kingfisher's plumage beneath the willow-boughs. Moorhens, the most harmless of birds, are being massacred for no purpose, merely "for sport"; and the sight of the lonely grey heron watching the water grows rarer and more rare. No one can well miss a heron, though the bird carries away a good deal of shot, so herons are massacred at will by cockneys and cads. Small birds in England are protected partly by the sentiment of the people. We have not quite sunk, like the French, to potting sparrows and starlings. Unluckily, popular sentiment is all on the side of shooting rare birds and beasts, and the slayer of an otter or an eagle is quite a local hero. This sentiment can, apparently, be checked only by protective legislation, which should come soon, if it is to preserve the expiring fauna of England. The wild cat (who would not dread five army students) has already all but perished from the Highlands.

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

AMERICAN diplomacy succeeds better in great transactions than in small. Unlike all other great Powers, the United States have no diplomatic service or profession. Any conspicuous politician of the dominant party may reasonably look to a foreign mission as a legitimate reward of his services in Congress or in the management of elections. One exception has been customarily made in the selection of the Minister to England. For many years the holders of the office have, for the most part, been personally eminent; and in the instances of Mr. EVERETT, Mr. MOTLEY, and the present Minister, the American Government has justly estimated the personal and social value of literary distinction. Mr. ADAMS, who represented the Republic during the whole course of the Civil War, displayed judgment and ability not unworthy of his hereditary claim to respect. Mr. BUCHANAN, who was less acceptable in this country than almost any of his predecessors or successors, was so considerable a personage that he passed at one step from the English Legation to the Presidency of the United States. Although diplomatic intercourse with English Foreign Secretaries is facilitated by the use of a common language, and by similar habits of thought, the place of American Minister in London is not always a bed of roses. The tone of despatches from the Secretary of State is often so peremptory that it must be embarrassing to communicate them to a friendly Government, and the unfortunate diplomatist must be prepared to incur the candid criticism of Irish-Americans and of those who court their favour. Mr. LOWELL probably appreciates at their just value demonstrations that he is a sycophant or traitor because he may not have undertaken the impossible task of protecting some assassin of ambiguous nationality from the gallows. The larger and more respectable part of the community will not think that a Minister is less loyal to his own country because he is a *persona grata* in English society.

Although some able and accomplished Americans have represented the Republic at other European Courts, especially at Madrid, indifference both to personal fitness and to diplomatic knowledge has often produced its natural results. An American Minister at Naples once shouted from the deck of a packet a personal defiance, which he requested the hearers to transmit to the KING, because in common with his fellow-passengers he had incurred the excommunication of the quarantine. During the Civil War one Mr. CASSIUS CLAY, a relative of the celebrated statesman, reported to the Secretary of State, in a despatch which was afterwards published by the department, an audience at which the Emperor ALEXANDER II. addressed him, as he said, "in excellent American." It may be doubted whether a great nation consults its own dignity by the choice of such representatives, but there is little danger of results injurious to American interests. More skilful diplomatists discharge the function of professional advisers in conducting international discussions with dispassionate courtesy; when serious differences are the subject of negotiation, diplomacy is efficacious only as it has force at its back. A threat uttered by a litigant who is able and willing to put it into execution loses little or nothing of its force because it may be rudely expressed. The United States are feared or loved by other Powers, without regard to the temper or the manners of the Ministers whom they employ. A veteran English diplomatist, giving evidence some years ago before a Committee of the House of Commons, was asked by Mr. BRIGHT, or by some member holding similar opinions, why American Ministers were generally capable and successful. He answered that they were, for the most part, exceptionally ignorant of their business. Their frequent success was the natural consequence of the force which would in case of need be ultimately at their disposal.

The relations between England and the United States, though they are occasionally strained, have not been profoundly disturbed by recent correspondence on the execution of a few ruffians who claimed to be American citizens. A troublesome question might have arisen if O'DONNELL had thought fit to perpetrate his murder of CAREY on shore or on board a foreign vessel. An English subject may be tried in England for a murder committed in any part of the world; but it is only when the crime is committed on English soil or on board an English ship that a foreigner can be held to account before an English tribunal. The assassin might probably have proved himself an American citizen if it had been necessary to ascertain his nationality. Notwithstanding the clear provisions of international law, the House of Representatives, at the instigation of Fenian ringleaders, thought proper to pass a Resolution requiring the American Minister in England to afford protection to O'DONNELL. The Lower House of Congress has often been guilty of similar improprieties, with the result of commanding little respect in comparison with the other branches of the Government. Its present indiscretion was so flagrant that the proposer of the motion, Mr. HEWETT, called on Mr. SACKVILLE WEST, the English Minister, to explain that his object had been to prevent some more violent resolution. His supposed apology was indignantly noticed in the House, and referred for further investigation to a Committee. As might have been expected, Mr. WEST had nothing to say, and the Commission was obliged ultimately to report that it could obtain no information on the subject. The House consequently abandoned further inquiry, and it has since engaged in a still more remarkable departure from its proper functions of legislation and of political supervision.

The odd little squabble in which the American Minister at Berlin finds himself engaged will have no serious consequences. The emigration from North Germany to America is naturally irritating to a Government which has thousands of able-bodied conscripts converted into American citizens. The United States on their part have no quarrel with Germany, though some temporary estrangement may result from an awkward and yet frivolous diplomatic miscarriage. In this case the Minister at Berlin cannot be held responsible for either of two successive blunders, though he is supposed not to have made himself acceptable to the German Government; or, in other words, to the CHANCELLOR. The importation of pork and bacon from the United States into Germany having been suspended on the ground of suspected disease, Mr. SARGENT expressed in a despatch to the SECRETARY OF STATE his opinion that the measure had really been adopted for the purpose of protecting native

produce under colour of sanitary precaution. By communicating to Congress a despatch which was evidently confidential, Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN gave just cause of offence against his own Government, and against its representative at Berlin. Since the publication of the obnoxious correspondence Mr. SARGENT has been treated with marked coldness, and he has occasionally been attacked by the Ministerial journals. Before the former cause of irritation had ceased to operate, he was by no fault of his own required to give fresh offence to Prince BISMARCK's delicate susceptibilities. On this occasion the House of Representatives was exclusively to blame for want of tact, though its intentions were probably innocent. Mr. LASKER, lately leader of the Liberal party in the German Parliament, died during a visit to the United States, and the House of Representatives, under an amiable impulse, passed a unanimous vote of condolence to the Diet, with a clause expressive of agreement with Mr. LASKER's political opinions. It is evident that a formal judgment on the internal policy of a foreign State is impertinent and indecorous, though the objection might perhaps have been waived but for the publication of Mr. SARGENT's unfortunate criticism. Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN had probably no choice but to transmit the vote of the House to Mr. SARGENT, who again forwarded the document to the Foreign Office at Berlin, with a request that it might be communicated to the Diet. Prince BISMARCK may perhaps not have regretted the opportunity of inflicting a rebuff on the American Minister and his Government, and his disclaimer on Thursday must not be taken too seriously. The robust principles of interpreting the duties of a Christian which he also laid down are characteristic, and, in face of the mealy-mouthedness which sometimes characterizes modern politics, not disagreeable. It is the fact that he formally declined to forward the Resolution to the Diet, on the ground that it expressed opinions in which he could not concur, and his defence in the Reichstag was a simple amplification of this. It would, as he pathetically explained, be impossible for him to urge on the Emperor the sanction of a statement that a principal opponent of his Government had pursued a laudable course. The newspaper attacks on Mr. SARGENT were immediately renewed, though he seems to have been wholly blameless. The rejection of the proposed communication through the German Minister at Washington was received by Mr. FREELINGHUYSEN with dignified indifference. The matter, as he suggested, concerned the German Government alone; and he had nothing further to say on the subject.

The irrepressible House of Representatives may perhaps not be equally discreet. A Republican member has proposed a Resolution, in which reference is made to the temporary predominance of "a too powerful subject." The position of Prince BISMARCK in Prussia and in Germany concerns an American Legislature as little as the guilt and the punishment of O'DONNELL. The proposed Resolution will probably not emerge from the archives of the Foreign Affairs Committee to which it has been referred. Among the many felicities of the American people and of their Constitution is the impunity with which the nominees of universal suffrage may blunder. The House of Representatives would perhaps be more reserved if its members were not aware that its occasional indiscretions are comparatively harmless. Foreign relations are really, as well as nominally, conducted by the President and the Secretary of State, with some occasional interference on the part of the Senate. It is not known that there is at present any serious difference between England and the United States, except that the informal remonstrance against toleration of the dynamite conspiracy may too probably be found ineffectual. The Government of the United States has no criminal jurisdiction, and it has scarcely any means of exercising influence on the legislation of the several States. It may be added that conscious security has inclined public opinion in America to tolerate almost any violence of language, even when ruffians of the ROMAN type publicly demand and acknowledge subscriptions for murder. There are signs of a change of feeling in consequence of the recent outrages; but the movement would not be encouraged by the application of external pressure.

IN OR OUT OF PARLIAMENT?

IT is understood that at the next dissolution of Parliament Mr. PETER TAYLOR, who has long represented the borough of Leicester, will not seek re-election. The integrity of Mr. PETER TAYLOR's public life has won him the respect of men of all parties; but, owing to the peculiar character of his political opinions, it will not be easy for the constituents whom he represents to find a member fitted to succeed him. Leicester is ambitious, and a politician of the ordinary type would suit it as little as he would suit the not distant borough of Northampton. Mr. PETER TAYLOR is a dissenter of the dissenters—he dissents from the Conservative party, he dissents from the Church, he dissents from the Whigs, he dissents from the Throne, he dissents from most of the Radicals, he dissents from almost everybody but himself and his supporters in Leicester. It is accordingly not easy to find a substitute for him. A Whig won't do. A friend of the Established Church won't do. A Jingo won't do. Even the ordinary Radical won't do. Mr. TAYLOR's speeches and votes have often separated him almost as much from the Government presided over by Mr. GLADSTONE as from that which was led by Lord BEACONSFIELD. Leicester accordingly has to go far afield in its search for a candidate. It must find a member to whom vaccination is a stumbling-block and to whom foreign affairs are foolishness; and in the course of its search it has hit on Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. Mr. SPENCER, however, is unable to meet the wishes of the Leicester Liberals. We learn with regret that, if there were no other obstacle to his candidature, the state of his health would of itself prevent him from undertaking Parliamentary work. But the reasons which, apart from this fact, prevent him from taking an active share in political life deserve consideration, the more so as they are, in a greater or less degree, the same which influence many others to a similar decision.

There is one reason, indeed, peculiar to Mr. HERBERT SPENCER which more than justifies him in declining to take part in public life. He finds that he could not do his duty as a politician and at the same time complete the work which he has set before himself as a philosopher. Against this argument there is nothing to urge. One need not be an adherent of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER's philosophy to desire that the views of which he is the most distinguished living spokesman should be put before the world as fully and ably as possible. All reasonable men must wish that every phase of the great problems of human life and thought should be fully exhibited. Till we know the strength of our opponent's position we are ignorant of the strength of our own. This is, at bottom, the strongest plea of all for free thought and free speech. The individual mind, except in the rarest of cases, cannot see a question in all its aspects; and to be reasonably sure of our own opinions we must have heard and weighed what the ablest advocates on the other side have to say for their own. The importance of a thinker is only in part dependent on the soundness of the conclusions at which he arrives. The stimulus which he gives to other intellects, the clearness and power with which he sets forth one or other of the few alternative solutions which the human mind has found for the questions which most attract it, have a value of their own wholly independent of the results to which he comes. To set men thinking, and to keep them at it, is even more important than to pass good laws; and the doubtful and fractional share which Mr. HERBERT SPENCER might take in the latter operation is not to be weighed against the certain and important part which he has long taken, and may long take, in the former.

There is another reason mentioned by Mr. HERBERT SPENCER why a Parliamentary life is less important and desirable than it once was, with which we can only partly agree. "It is becoming a common remark," he says, "that we are approaching a state in which laws are practically made out of doors, and simply registered by Parliament; and if so, then the actual work of legislation is more the work of those who modify the ideas of electors than of those who give effect to their ideas." So regarding the matter, I conceive that I should not gain influence, but rather lose influence, by ceasing to be a writer and becoming a representative." So far as Mr. HERBERT SPENCER is personally concerned the latter remark is true, inasmuch as he is not able, like Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, to combine both capacities. Nevertheless we cannot but think that if he could combine them his influence would be greater. There is no question that Mr.

MILL's Parliamentary career reacted on his literary and philosophical fame, and gave to his name and writings an even greater weight than they would otherwise have possessed. Within the walls of Parliament his influence was enhanced by his undisputed reputation as a thinker and a writer. It was easy for Lord SHERBROOKE, then Mr. LOWE, to get up a laugh in the House of Commons during the debates on the Cattle Disease in 1866, by saying that, unlike Mr. MILL, he was no philosopher; but the fact that Mr. MILL was present, and able at a moment's notice to put his views of a political or economical question before the House, certainly caused many members of both parties to think twice before they spoke. We say this with the more readiness because we think that Mr. MILL failed as a practical politician, and was easily, when his feelings were in any way concerned, misled even in speculation. But as an influence in the House of Commons and in the general politics of the country, we believe that he counted for at least as much as he would have counted at any former time in our Parliamentary history. It is true that ideas are what ultimately shape all legislation, and that to replace false or antiquated ideas by better ones is practically to contribute to the political progress of a country. But print is not the only medium by which ideas are circulated and acquire weight. There remains, and will always remain, the personal influence of a man mixing with his fellows, which, in his own day and generation, either greatly adds to, or detracts from, the influence of the ideas which he seeks to make prevalent. No man can say that the malady from which the House of Commons now most suffers is that of too much thinking; and the presence of a recognized or eminent thinker, to whatever party he may belong, cannot but have a salutary influence on all parties alike.

There is another reason why the work to be done in Parliament at the present time is not less important than it ever was. Mr. HERBERT SPENCER says, and with truth, that the recent tendency of political life has been to make the member not a representative, but a mere delegate, of his constituents. It is exactly this tendency which thoughtful, independent, and honourable men of all parties have to fight against; and it is precisely the abstention of such men which would throw the control of the country into the hands of the baser sort of political adventurers, to whom a seat in Parliament is worth any sacrifice of principle. Here, again, Mr. HERBERT SPENCER's wide divergence from all recognized political parties justifies him personally in his refusal to enter Parliament. He cannot be a representative, and he will not be a delegate. But there are many men now in England who are fitted to be the former, and who either stoop to be the latter or else abstain from political life altogether. Language is often used, and Mr. SPENCER's letter is not free from it, which seems to imply that there is some fatality in modern politics which must reduce the member of Parliament to this ignoble position. We utterly disbelieve it. The matter depends entirely on the member himself. If he manfully refuses to be the mere spokesman of the majority which returns him, if he claims the right to think and act for himself on the questions which come before him, he will assuredly, in the existing state of public feeling in England, win more votes than he will lose. Nor, till our national character is changed, is there likely to be an alteration in this matter. We respect those who respect themselves; and we all know that no man who respects himself will accept the position of a mere delegate in Parliament. A recent election has served to illustrate afresh the truth that, in the eyes of the working classes of this country, a man does not lose but gain popularity by refusing to be made simply the mouthpiece of the majority which elects him. It is true, as Mr. HERBERT SPENCER says, that a good deal of the work once done in the House of Commons is now really done outside it; but nothing will save it from the new danger of ceasing to be a representative body, and becoming a mere tool of professional wirepullers, but the readiness of the most thoughtful and independent men to belong to it.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION.

IT has been our ill luck to hear a great deal too much of the police for some time past. In part, no doubt, the blame rests on the criminals who have imposed on that in some respects admirable force the apparently impossible task of catching them. Murderers and the hither kind of Irish politicians have been so busy that Scotland Yard has

been worried out of its usual modest quiet. Still it is not only victims of society and patriots of whom we find cause to complain. The police have misdoings of their own to answer for. We use the plural because there are two bodies at work. There is, in the first place, the official detective police which has its head-quarters at Scotland Yard, and enjoys the advantage of Mr. HOWARD VINCENT's leadership. Then there are a variety of volunteer inquiry-offices—not of the private kind. We shall not insult our readers by affecting to suppose that they are in any doubt as to whom we mean. The daily papers, morning and evening, have made such a parade of their activity that there is no need to tell anybody about their doings. That humble brother of the War Correspondent, the reporter, follows his hero the detective about, telling all the world what he has done, is proposing to do, and ought to do, just as the great beings at the head of the profession dog the footsteps of the British general. The results are, of course, identical. The man on the knifeboard is amused for his penny—and the enemy is kept well supplied with information. Now we will not deny that in both cases it is the misfortune as well as the fault of the persons subject to this fussy intrusion that they have to work like bees in a glass hive. Nevertheless there is a difference. The British general occasionally grows restive. He says savage things about the pest of modern armies, and he has been known to bundle a War Correspondent who took too high a view of his duty out of the camp. In any case, he has young men about him who can keep bores at a distance, who can snub with effect, and who know how to look blankly at an indiscreet inquirer, and answer him nothing in polite phrases. That is obviously not the case with the Director of Criminal Investigation. He has no young men, or he does not choose to have them. Consequently we know, and the criminal knows too, precisely what Scotland Yard is trying to do. When an explosion has taken place in a railway-station, the police at once puts itself at the disposal of the newspapers. From time to time we hear that the "authorities" are very reticent; but that is manifestly a good old formula—a tradition from the days when villains were stalked, but not hunted, in the modern spirit of fair play, with so many days' grace for a fair start, and much blowing of horns to let them know the pursuer is coming. We are told at once that the police have a clue. They know all about a man with a black moustache who lodged at number so-and-so in such a street, and took a cab last Wednesday night at twelve o'clock. Then come details of how the field is being placed to catch the man with the black moustache. The police are making strict inquiries here and also there. An agent has been sent to Paris, two have started in hot haste for New York. The whole force is full of life; unfortunately nothing comes of it but gabble. With much solemn cant about their duty to the public, which means their natural desire for a good sale, the newspapers run noisily about, and start the game days too soon. It is too much to expect that an enterprising editor should let his duty to his country get in the way of his duty to his proprietor, but it is scandalous that police agents should be allowed to help all this mischief. For, unless they are engaged in a carefully arranged and useful campaign of lying, it is only mischief that they are doing. The results do not unhappily go to show that they are nearly so usefully employed. From the fact that criminals do almost uniformly escape, it is only too obvious that the information given to them by means of the papers is accurate. It has now become a rule, to which there is hardly any exception, that an offender escapes unless a confederate betrays him, or he is starved into surrender. If he is caught by a policeman, it is because some provincial officer has gone quietly to work on his own account. The London detective force would seem to have thoroughly come round to the view that their first business is to supply the newspapers with copy. The reporters intrude everywhere, and no attempt is made to shake them off.

It is, no doubt, an excellent thing to excite public interest in the officers of the law; it is a way of securing sympathy, but it has some serious inconveniences. Among them, and foremost among them, is the probability that under this system of publicity the officers will begin to think first of the figure they are cutting in the world, and consider their duty as a secondary matter. There are too many signs of this, and the latest of them may perhaps cause a reaction which has long been wanted. The behaviour of BRIMS, the executioner, has lately been exciting an amount of attention which is for

every reason deplorable. The hangman is not, it is true, a member of the police, or even a recognized agent of the law, but the difference between his position and that of a prison warden is a mere matter of theory. His position is, however, so far peculiar that he is rather more of a reporter's hero and the object of more diseased curiosity than even a detective. The monstrous fuss made at the time of MARWOOD's death was a bad example of the newspaper activity which is always going on about such matters. It has had its natural effect. MARWOOD's successor has taken the ignoble popularity of his office very much in earnest, and must needs pay himself in pot-house honour as an addition to his fees. There is no need to dwell on the details already given in the papers. A very dull imagination can supply the necessary local colouring—the swaggering in tap-rooms, the drunkenness, and the consequent bungling. We must take it for granted that immediate steps will be taken to put a stop to such scenes. It is indeed marvellous that they should have been suffered to go on so long, and that, after what had happened weeks ago, BINNS was allowed a chance of distinguishing himself in the same way again. While an attempt is being made to find a proper successor, it is to be hoped that the Home Office will also consider it a part of its duty to avoid the scandals of the last election. If the hangman has not been a public officer hitherto, he must be made one for the future. He must be properly salaried, and above all chosen quietly.

We are threatened with one consequence of this public scandal which makes a speedy remedy particularly necessary. The whole question of the proper way of disposing of criminals sentenced to death is likely to be reopened. Because one or two executions have been indecently mismanaged, it is asked why we should continue to hang murderers at all. The opponents of capital punishment have as yet been silent, but they will, no doubt, preach on the tempting text with their usual incoherent fervour. For the moment, however, the word is with those who wish for another and less shocking form of capital punishment, and not the advocates of its abolition. The *Times*, which has to support its reputation as the mouthpiece of the *juste milieu*, gravely asks why we should in these days of scientific poisons continue to put an end to such murderers as we can catch "in the most odious of all known ways." The philosophic leader-writer of the leading journal surveys mankind from high to low, and sees that some killings are honourable and others dishonourable. A gentleman may in some countries kill his man in a duel and yet receive no stain on his character, but he must not choke a private enemy. The squire may laudably shoot partridges, but if he fells his own oxen his neighbours will think him a fellow of butcherly tastes. Now it appears to the *Times* that since things are thus, it would be a nice mannerly little reform to abolish the hideous vulgar old punishment of hanging, and replace it by something more clean, more deft, more scientific. We for our part are of opinion that the premisses of that article lead to quite another conclusion. It is because hanging is the "most odious of all known ways" of dying that it should be punishment of the most odious of all known crimes. The criminal is not killed merely because society wishes to be rid of him—imprisonment for life would do that. He dies because men fear death more than any other punishment, and that fear must be kept before the baser part of mankind to restrain them. There is this other reason, which is habitually shirked by the canting sentimentality of our time—that the cold-blooded miscreant who poisons another for the sake of a little money, or the brute who kicks a man or woman to death out of mere callous cruelty, is too abominable a sinner to live. Moreover the shameful of the manner of death is one part of the punishment. Therefore, because hanging is the most ignominious of all ways of dying, it is right that murderers should be hanged. It is the duty of the great officers responsible for the due administration of the law to see that the punishment is inflicted without indecency.

THE FALL OF BAC NINH.

THE reported capture of Bac Ninh must give the French a double satisfaction. It is not only a success for their troops, but it is a snub of some severity for their candid friends. From the very beginning of the war every victory of the French troops has been greeted with torrents of cold water. The impartial and judicious journalists of

England and Germany have hastened to point out the folly of hollaying till you are out of the wood as often as the commanders of the expedition reported anything which looked like reasonably good progress. While Sontay was still unconquered, the French were threatened with heavy loss if they tried to take it—to say nothing of the indefinite but terrible punishment to be inflicted on them by China. When Sontay was taken, after tolerably sharp fighting, Bac Ninh was pressed into service as a scarecrow. And now Bac Ninh has fallen without any serious fighting. The French generals have made their preparations to attack with judgment, and the garrison have seen that the fight was hopeless. It is not probable that even this complete and easy success will silence the prophets of evil. The mountains, and the rains, and the unappeasable wrath of China will be called up to impress on the French the absolute folly of the whole Tonquin adventure. It is not certainly a masterpiece of political good sense, but its history hitherto only proves what nobody ought ever to have doubted, that a European Power which chooses to exert itself can always make short work of the opposition of Asiatics. At Sontay the Black Flags—for it seems doubtful whether there were any Chinese troops in the town—fought as well as barbarians ever have fought. They were not only brave, as barbarians frequently are, but up to a certain point intelligent. Having good firearms to use, they used them properly, firing low, and not wasting cartridges at long ranges—a prudence which all the troops of civilized nations cannot be trusted to show. At the end of it all, however, they were beaten most completely, and with no very serious loss to the victors, although they held a position which European troops of second-rate merit could have defended against a great superiority of numbers. And now Bac Ninh, which was said to be stronger than Sontay and to contain more men, and not only that, but to be garrisoned by those Chinese troops who have been hanging like a cloud over the heads of the French, has been evacuated on the mere approach of Generals MILLOT and NÉGRER.

Of course it remains to be seen whether China will submit to the insult of seeing her troops attacked in a vassal State. The matter will be discussed in the intervals of leisure left us by our own Tonquins, and be decided according to the sympathy of the disputants. Everybody who was frightened by the last French colonial adventure will be disposed to believe that China will at last do something, and that it is able to do it effectually. It is, however, not very probable that, after swallowing so many leeks, the gorge of the Tsung Li Yamen will rise at this last. If the policy of the Celestial Empire—supposing it to have a policy—can be judged from its actions, it would seem to be proved by this time that it consists in trying to see how much can be done by bluster. No doubt, if the French are very anxious for a war on a larger scale, they can get it by making exorbitant demands. The worm will turn, as most people know. But it has also probably learnt by long experience that it gets remarkably little by turning. The statesmen who govern China cannot be ignorant of the fact that their country would almost certainly get the worst in a war with France; and it is only bare justice to them to suppose that they will avoid fighting if possible. There is no reason to suppose that China feels the indignity of being treated as of no account after all. A Power which leaves its Ambassador in the lurch after instructing him to threaten war cannot be afflicted with a very acute sense of shame. When it finds that underhand partisan warfare in Tonquin does it no good, it will give up the fight and submit to the inevitable. On the natives of the country the success of the French can have but one effect. They will see that their enemy is too strong to be resisted, and will therefore obey as other Asiatics do. If they really prefer Chinese to European government—for they have to choose between the two—the victory of the French will still not be without compensations. It will be something that the Black Flags will have to march back to China and devote themselves to agricultural pursuits with the tools and the grain provided by a paternal Government according to recent reports. The misconduct of the French, as reported by the *Times'* Correspondent, will do little to impede their advance. This gentleman's letter, which is obviously thoroughly trustworthy, only shows that French troops are still capable of being very insolent and overbearing, and that African barbarians in Turco regiments still continue to be barbarians. French officers flourish their canes about,

and French soldiers kick over market-stalls out of pure wanton impertinence. The Algerians in the Turco regiments imitate their white masters, and all make the Tonquinese feel that they are a conquered people. Stories of this kind are apt to be taken for more than they are worth. Victorious troops always have swaggered from the beginning of time. They would find it hard to walk with such obvious modesty that a third party would recognize it. For the rest it does not appear that the French troops have been guilty of any of those excesses which have generally been committed by them when successful. They have massacred their enemies in the heat of battle no doubt; but as that is the uniform practice of the Annamese and Tonquinese themselves, they are not likely to be very much shocked when they find a European indulging in it. The violence of the French at Sontay can be explained, and to a certain extent excused, by the disgusting outrages of the Black Flags, who mutilated the bodies of soldiers killed at the outposts. War is at all times a barbarous business, and it is always particularly barbarous in Asia.

If M. FERRY and his Cabinet argue that the easy fall of Bac Ninh is a proof of the wisdom of their colonial policy, they will be able to make a good case. France has now shown that it can make itself mistress of the delta of the Song-coi with very little trouble. The so-called pirates, the partisans who have taken to the swamps and begun a war of outposts, will no doubt give the army of occupation a great deal of trouble, but they will not shake its hold on the country. Few guerrillero wars ever have proved successful. An army which cannot hold fortresses, or fight pitched battles, or even make a successful defence of an intrenched camp, must infallibly be beaten in the long run. It may split into bands, and begin shooting sentinels and cutting off foraging parties; but beyond that it will not go. In the long run it will become a most terrible infliction to its own countrymen. Guerrilleros cannot live upon patriotism. They must have solid food like other people, and they can only get it by levying requisitions on the peaceful population which has submitted. When once that has begun, the descent from partisan to brigand is very rapid. When the Tonquinese once find that the French are determined to stay, and too strong to be openly resisted, they will show themselves to be very different from other Asiatics if they do not prefer the master who can protect them to the patriot who is compelled by the necessity of his position to be a robber. It is as yet early to speculate on the ultimate effects of the French occupation of the country, which may now be considered as effected. To judge by the past history of European conquest and colonization in Asia, it will lead to a continual advance and extension of frontier. China and England, and Russia through China, will find that their interests are concerned. That may not be acutely felt for years yet, if the French are wiser than they have usually been in their colonial policy, and are content to advance step by step, but it will be felt sooner or later. For the present they have been justified by success. China has proved itself once again a "tiger on paper." Russia has no reason to suppose that confusion in Asia can do its interests any particular harm. England, even if it ever believed in a danger till it was close at hand, would scarcely trouble itself much at the present moment about the effects of French intrusion in Tonquin on China for reasons which are too obvious to require naming.

THE PARKS RAILWAY.

THE Parks Railway Bill has been read a second time, and unless something is done to prevent it by the Select Committee before which the Bill will now come, three out of the four Parks which are the chief charm of Western London will be given up from September to March to the ravages of the carter and the navy. We know something of what they will look like under this discipline from recent experience in the Green Park. While the improvements at Hyde Park Corner were going on, a long string of railway waggons was constantly passing between the excavations and the slope on which the earth was to be cast. Still it was but the smallest of the Parks, and but a corner even of this that was thus pulled to pieces; there was no risk of permanent injury, and the consideration was the execution of a great public improvement. Not one of these consolations will be open to us next winter. The destruction will extend, for the time, to all three Parks equally. No one

can feel sure how complete the recovery from it will be; and nothing will be gained in return that the public really want, or, at all events, that could not be given to them more effectually in other ways. It is true that during the winter months the Row and the Ring are not crowded as in the full season; but Hyde Park still has its thousands of visitors every fine Sunday; and, as the classes which furnish them are not in the habit of going out of town, they will hardly appreciate Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's care for the fashionable throng which frequents it for some four months of the year. When the cutting and covering has all been done, it remains to be seen whether all traces of it will indeed disappear, or whether the march of the contractor will be marked by dying trees and discoloured grass. We might be disposed to risk all this patiently if it were the necessary price to pay for making London either more beautiful or more habitable. But all that we are promised is a railway which, in comparison with others that might be made, is of little real use, and an improved approach to the Houses of Parliament, which might and ought to be provided in other ways. Mr. ST. GEORGE MIVART's letter in the *Times* of Thursday sets out with great accuracy what is really needed to improve railway communication in London. The proper termini of a railway across the Western district are the points between which the greatest number of people want to travel. Neither the Edgware Road nor Westminster fulfils this requirement. Baker Street is the junction with the line which feeds the growing neighbourhoods of South and West Hampstead and what were once the fields beyond the Swiss Cottage; and, if the proposed cross line begins at the Edgware Road, there will be two changes of carriage between St. John's Wood and the Marble Arch. Again, only a fraction of the passengers coming from the North want to go to Westminster. Charing Cross is infinitely more central, besides being the West-end terminus of the South-Eastern Railway. The really useful line, therefore, would unite the Baker Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway with the Charing Cross Station of the District Railway, with an intermediate station at the Oxford Circus. It is one more objection to the Parks Railway Bill that if it is adopted it will probably prevent this far more useful scheme from being carried out. No one except Sir EDWARD WATKIN came forward in the debate to defend the Bill on its merits. The FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS contented himself with saying that it was not one which his department ought to have disposed of by the exercise of their right of veto—a point on which we offer no opinion. Sir EDWARD WATKIN's plea was that the line is in the nature of a gigantic relief work. Times are dull; the working classes want employment; and if the Bill passes, from 200,000*l.* to 300,000*l.* will be paid away in wages. Sir EDWARD WATKIN's connexion with the Channel Tunnel has made him more than half a Frenchman. Such a suggestion as this would have been quite in place in the Paris Municipal Council.

The House of Commons did not spend all its time on Tuesday breaking down the hedge which has hitherto protected the Parks. It did a much more useful work in accepting Mr. STORY-MASKELYNE's motion to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the steps necessary to secure the enjoyment of the Thames as a place of recreation. It is certainly time that something of the kind should be done, and the legitimate interests to be protected are sufficiently various and sufficiently conflicting to need the intervention of a Parliamentary Committee. On the one hand there are complaints, and seemingly very well-founded complaints, that the river is more and more becoming closed against the public. The main stream is still open to boats, but the backwaters, which are one of the chief beauties of Thames scenery, are more and more treated as the property of the riparian owners. Even the tow-path, which generations of Thames pleasure-seekers have thought as sacred as the Queen's highway, is now denied to them in places, while the angler finds that, in spite of his traditional inoffensiveness, every resident's hand is against him. The Thames shore, in fact, promises soon to mean, so far as the public are concerned, the occasional gardens attached to river-side taverns. Unfortunately, there is another side to all this. When Sir GILBERT CLAYTON-EAST takes up his parable, the harmless public that boats and fishes, and only asks to be left to enjoy itself in quiet, disappears, and in its stead we have that new and horrible creature the river rough. These creatures are "unpleasant both in

"appearance and language"; they find their principal amusement in doing mischief; a field of hay is in their eyes only made to be trampled down; and if they have a dog with them, as they commonly have, they use him to chase cows with. Besides being never in a right mind, they are not always clothed. Their notion of cleanliness is comprised in: bathing from somebody's lawn, and they show their good breeding by drying their bodies as the Normans in *Ivanhoe* dried their fingers. According to Sir GILBERT CLAYTON-EAST, it is against these "naked savages" that the riparian owners have taken up arms; but they have hitherto taken them up in vain. "The roughs are in a majority." When a gentleman comes home from church on a summer Sunday, and finds a boating party picnicking in his garden, though he were a churchwarden who had just listened to a sermon on meekness, he might yet be tempted to speak unadvisedly with his lips. But where is the good if those addressed have more lips, and are more unadvised in the use of them? The unfortunate owner is easily worsted in a contest of abuse, and though when they have finished their luncheon, his unbidden guests will probably take to their boat for their own pleasure; it may not be obvious how their departure can be hastened. Yet the Thames is too valuable a playground for the use of it to be strictly limited to the central channel. There should be some give and take, as between landowners and the public—some mode of keeping the river, as the term has hitherto been understood, open to well-behaved people, and some machinery for restraining the roughs, who here as everywhere do their best to make public enjoyment impossible. Mr. STORRY-MASKELYNE'S Committee will do a most useful work if it devises a statute which shall in some measure answer both these ends.

THE OTHER TENNIS.

WE were pondering how we might christen this article, in days when lawn-tennis has so usurped for itself the title and honours of the fine old parent game, when it came to our knowledge that the votaries of Wimbledon are in the habit of speaking of that diversion by the irreverent name of "the other tennis." Philosophical parents accept filial irreverence; and the royal game certainly is the other tennis, as other as a salmon to a sprat, with a net in common. It is with the loftier dignity of a parent who mourns over his children's decadence, and therefore with no suspicion of irreverence, that a professor of the old palm-game has been known to allude to the new ground-lawn-lords of England as "grasshoppers." He looks at them with a certain sense of pity and resentment; he hears them with a compassionate feeling say, fifteen—thirty—forty—deuce, instead of one, two, three, and three all, without the vaguest conception of their own why they say so; and, while admitting the pleasures of the game and its fresh air, and especially its inestimable value as an exercise for women, he experiences some irritation when he sees the youth of Oxford and Cambridge deserting the stronger sports for it. He grumbles internally about the consulate of Plancus and the effeminacy of the age, talks of glorified battledore and shuttlecock, shrugs his shoulders over the prowess of the Renshaws and Lawfords, and is quite convinced that, if Mr. Heathcote or Mr. Lyttelton would take up that gentle parable in earnest for about a week, they would be as the salmon-fisher of Norway to the sprat-catcher of the pool. The masters of the old tennis-mystery do, as a fact, seem to have nothing serious to do with the tournaments and allurements of the younger game, the head and front of whose offending certainly is that it ever called itself tennis in any sense at all. It is a presumption at best; for we know of no man who has really played at the old "king of games and game of kings," intelligible as it is only to the initiated, who disputes its singular supremacy, even though he may himself attain but to the fourth or fifth rank in it.

The position is not to be defended till the game has been learned; then it defends itself: "nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum." If its professors are few, their devotion is complete. "Post equitem sedet atra cura," said the poet, who, if foxhunters are to be believed, knew very little about it. Possibly, like many worthy men, he was one of those who seldom cross a horse without realising that feeling deeply. "I don't know where the meet come off," says Mr. Toole, in one of his characters; "but I come off at the first fence." Tennis defies care, at all events; for it requires all a man's brain, as well as all his muscle. Unlike all other physical games, a player may improve in this athletic chess till forty, and hold his own till fifty, and play well long afterwards. The present amateur champion, Mr. Heathcote, as distinguished in his pre-eminence as Mr. Grace was in his, has nearly turned his half-century already, and has beaten all comers since the institution of the championship twenty years ago, with the interruption of one defeat in 1882 at the hands of a brilliant player of only half his age, retrieved again last year. For, as the muscles relax or stiffen, you learn to "play with your head." His favourite game pursues the tennis-player in all things; and if in his room, or

in the street, a man is suddenly seen to bend down and give a sweep with his arm as if he were going to mow, and then with a smile recover himself as one who has solved a problem, set him down, not as a lunatic, but as a tennis-player. Life to him in all its phases is as a calculation of bismarcks. We know of one devotee, a prominent member of Parliament, who during one of the most absorbing periods of political strife retained his tennis-court once a week. "There," he said, walking out of it when one of his games was over, "now I've nothing to live for till this day week." We have heard of another who, after his first long sea-trip, was asked how he liked it; and said that the crew bothered him all night with saying nothing but "Better than two; better than two." We have heard of a third who christened his very house Hazard Side (the name of the half-court beyond the net from the server), to the scandal of the lay community, who thought it was a gaming-house; and of a fourth who speaks of his eight children as half fifteen and a bismarck.

Now the reigns of the principal tennis-players, and all that they did, are they not written in the book of the annals of Julian Marshall, published in 1878, and reviewed in these columns shortly afterwards? All the quaint and recondite learning of the game is there; and as our little paper is of a lighter purpose, we do not propose to draw upon it much. Mr. Marshall has failed in all his efforts to discover the historic origin of the game which was so much the favourite of Henri IV. of France that he got up at day-break the morning after St. Bartholomew to finish a match (possibly in the court called that of the "eleven thousand devils"); whose champion in 1427 was a woman; whose first record was a book written by an Italian in 1550; the game which was rhymed by Rabelais, and played by Benvenuto Cellini, and began to perish in France under the royal disfavour of the great Louis XIV., who hated all exercise except billiards. Nor has Mr. Marshall been able to find the origin of the English name "tennis"—"jeu de paume" is clear enough, as the ball was first struck by the hand—and where he has failed in his antiquarianism, we cannot hope to succeed. But we are surprised that he has taken no note of the tradition which almost proves its own truth, that the tennis-court, like the Eton fives-court, was the result of an accident of ground, and is, in fact, the copy of a monastery courtyard turned by the monks to the purpose of an improvised game. The two sides of the cloisters, the sloping roof, the "tambour" (a jutting piece of wall), the "grille," with its very name, as the window where friends were to be seen, all forcibly bear the tradition out; and tradition, say what we will, is very strong evidence. Be this as it may, the game was first a French one; and it may interest many of the players of lawn-tennis to learn how from that language their mysterious system of marking has been derived. In all tennis-courts certain lines (called chases) are traced upon the floor; but on the service-side they are in England only numbered up to six, and in France to fourteen inclusive. It is (speaking broadly) part of the marker's business to watch by what line the ball falls at the second bound, and call it out as the number of the "chase." If in the French court it falls by number fourteen, he calls "quatorze." His next business is to call out also the strokes won by each player, four making a game. But he cannot call "un" for the first stroke, because from "un" to "quatorze" inclusive means a chase. His stroke-marking, therefore, begins at fifteen, *quinze*, as meaning one; and a stroke is even called "un quinze" in France. "Two" then becomes naturally "treinte"; three, "quarante-cinq"; and the fourth stroke makes the game, unless the players stand at three strokes (or forty-five) each, when the score becomes *deuce*—that is, *à deux*, both equal—and to win the game either player must make two or three strokes running; or *deuce-advantage*—*deuce-advantage*—"advantage" explains itself) may last for ever. The number of lines or chases in England is the same; but we presume that the Briton thought it saved trouble to number only the alternate lines up to six, and christen the rest by the mysterious style of one-and-two, five-and-six, and so forth. But in doing so he still retained what thereby becomes the utterly obscure "fifteen" system of scoring, and made it worse by changing forty-five into forty to save a syllable, and robbing his marking thereby even of the mildest arithmetical significance. We confess that this argues something of the Arnoldian "want of lucidity"; but if not always lucid, the Briton is resolute, and he never showed his resolution more than by introducing this marvellous system of numeration out of the game of tennis, in which, if we have made ourselves at all clear, it will be seen to be remotely reasonable, into that of lawn-tennis, with regard to which, as the game has no chases and no lines, it has absolutely not the remotest shred of connexion or the vaguest trace of meaning whatsoever. But, indeed, the mysteries of marking have baffled many an aspiring tennis-player, though, like everything else, it is easy enough when you know it. For an ignorant man to hear it asked how the match stands, and the marker answer, to the thorough satisfaction of initiated spectators, that it is "two sets all advantage—game thirty fifteen even game bismarck gone. Mr. Smith wins chase better than half a yard and hazard side the line," whereupon the two players at once change sides of the court, is a simple coming in for one man. We remember the late popular actor Charles Mathews being introduced for the first time into the "dedans" (spectators' gallery) of a tennis-court, at some such crisis as this, and retiring at once to learn by preference, as he expressed it, "the longest part he could find."

Be this the reason or one of many, the glorious old game of the other tennis certainly does not regain the widespread popularity of the days of Henri IV. in France or Elizabeth in England,

though we shall be glad if our article should induce anybody to make himself personally acquainted with its more than masonic fascinations. Everything else apart, it is, one hardly knows why except that one loves it so, a test of temper without parallel, and *ceteris paribus*, or even *imparibus*, the finest temper wins in a canter. Lord Pembroke, according to Pepps and Mr. Marshall, heard even an eminent Quaker swear tremendously to himself when he lost. A fine temper has had much to do with the long success of Mr. Heathcote, as it had to do with that of the famous Frenchman Barre, the greatest tennis-player, as the writer of this article firmly believes, of living memory. Between him and the present all-round champion, the English professional Lambert, exist as links the brothers Tompkins, of Oxford and Brighton, whose play is delightful to watch from the old Barre-like grace of form and stroke which they still preserve, in the face of what we can only look upon as the decadence of general play, traceable to the personal influence of Lambert's game, which depends upon sheer strength and force of wrist (coupled of course with high qualifications) more than on the old steady pendulous stroke. It is very well for him; but in inferior hands it has generated a kind of ferocious skittles, in the place of the old quiet and "cut" return, which is very trying to the old school. It fails with years instead of improving, and so punishes itself. Meanwhile, unluckily, it is not only in the fields of tennis, but in broader and graver ones also, that "playing to win," regardless of the ways and the means, is beginning to be counted for everything.

Barre and Lambert never coincided enough in age to be able to meet and test the respective merits of their schools. The story of the old Frenchman is pathetic, and is pathetically told in Mr. Marshall's book, to whose contents the present writer can add upon this subject a touching anecdote of his own. After losing health and means through severe sufferings during the siege of Paris, Barre—always a pet over here—came to London once more. He was one of the spectators at a match at Lord's, where the rising sun of Lambert was shining very strongly, and there was a full and excited attendance. At a particularly fine cross-court stroke of Lambert's, shot rather than cut down into the corner with a crushing power which perhaps no other player has shown, some one forgetting Barre cried out, "Bravo, bravo! Barre could never have beaten him in his best days!" The writer happened to be sitting close to the old man, who had been generously admiring as much as anybody, but now sadly shook his head, and said in a voice no further audible, "Il a raison; je ne puis rien prouver maintenant." It fairly brought the tears to our eyes, and has haunted us ever since as a piece of homely tragedy.

Barre's spirit still lingers in the Paris courts, where, though the players of the day are inferior to the English, much of the old game is still to be seen. We say this with all respect to the *Times*, which, in a wonderful historical article the other day about the famous "Oath of the Tennis Court," stated as a fact that the game is now forgotten and unknown in France, except in the lawn-tennis form introduced from England, and that not a court remains in the land, though traces of the gallery from which the marker used to come down may yet be seen at Versailles. On the other hand, the temple-like little court which stands in the N.-W. angle of the Tuilleries gardens has long been known to passers-by, and a second has quite lately been built on to it. Courts have been opened at Cannes and Deauville, and restored at Bordeaux and elsewhere; and markers do not come down from their galleries because they have none to go up into. The game is, in fact, making something like a revival in France. We fear that history upon casual subjects is rather rashly made in this way in Printing House Square, though it seems a pity not to have taken the very little trouble necessary to ascertain the true state of the case. In this instance we can at all events be justified in hoping that the history may not prove prophetic.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE Suez Canal meeting on Wednesday and its results, though the latter were equivalent to a partial and a narrow victory for the amended form of M. de Lesseps's agreement with England, were not of a character to lessen English objections to that agreement. In the first place, the malcontents turned out to be very much more numerous than had been thought. No trustworthy statistics of their actual voting power were obtainable, and the numerous partisans of the evergreen diplomatist and engineer affected to poohpooh them as representing only an insignificant fraction of the proprietary. Yet when the division came, and the voting was taken on the main question—that of the acceptance of the President's report—M. de Lesseps carried the day by five per cent. only of the votes polled, the total being 1,604 and the majority for the Report 82. This, moreover, was only one of the questions to be decided. The second was the alteration of the articles of association so as to permit the increase in the number of Directors necessary to include the projected English contingent. This, it seems, requires, not a bare majority, as in the case of the mainly formal acceptance of the Report, but a two-thirds vote; and, unless M. de Lesseps can convert some of the malcontents, or summon shareholders from some more vasty deep than that which he swept for the division of Wednesday, it does not seem by any means certain that he will get it. Furthermore, it does not seem to be absolutely certain that that division itself may not be legally challenged.

It is not necessary to be very critical of the meeting itself. We are quite accustomed in England to noisy meetings, and to meetings which think that rich and unscrupulous directors are robbing the poor but honest shareholder, and to meetings which entertain dark suspicions of coalitions on the part of the direction with some enemy or other. The livelier and more demonstrative character of the material of a Paris gathering seems, indeed, to have made itself felt. The admirably-named M. Abeille, a really busy and thrifty person, who described himself as having saved up five hundred francs for "Suez" as far back as 1858, is said to have "displayed agility of hands and feet," and to have "gesticulated in M. de Lesseps's face in a not very becoming manner." In all probability this is a timid and periphrastic description of the favourite pantomime (seldom going any further) by which a Frenchman shakes his fist underneath the nose of an enemy, with the accompanying remark "V-v-v-v-oleur!" or something else of the kind. M. Philippon summed up the national manners and economics very happily and pathetically, by observing that he had bought shares as a *dot* for Mlle. Philippon, who was now being disappointed of her just expectations. We sympathize deeply with Mlle. Philippon, and we do not think too hardly of M. Abeille's agility. Indeed, the speeches with which these gentlemen accompanied their protests contain nothing that is not excusable enough from a certain narrow but natural point of view. It must be very annoying indeed (and we say this with an entire absence of the slightest feeling of vulgar triumph) to see a work which was a kind of challenge to England passing more or less into English hands. It is a trial for men who endured not a few lean years to find that the fat years are not to be allowed to go on increasing indefinitely in fatness. And it is not unlikely to aggravate the annoyance that M. de Lesseps himself—their own M. de Lesseps, who has certainly in his time worked upon patriotism and cupidity pretty freely—now administers grave rebukes to those who were moved by these two feelings. We think that M. Philippon and M. Abeille were (not at all from a merely English point of view) wrong, that they cannot reasonably expect their profits to go on doubling at the expense of an unmoved world, and that the hard facts of the vast English stake in the Canal and the preponderance of English custom make some alteration in the present state of things inevitable as a mere business matter, and according to principles which govern all commercial understandings, from coörmongering to canal monopolies. But we can make the amplest allowance for M. Philippon and M. Abeille when they are unable to bring the philosophic mind to bear in this manner.

In M. Charles de Lesseps's speech, on the other hand, there is much more show of sweet reasonableness than in the speeches of the malcontents; but there is also much more justifying the very unenthusiastic character of the satisfaction with which we, in common with many Englishmen, regard the agreement. It may be said, of course, that, with M. Abeille indulging in agility on one side, and M. Philippon on the other, like a Roman advocate producing Mlle. Philippon *sordidata*, and crying "Où est ma dot?" a little exaggeration of the advantages on the Company's side would have been quite pardonable. But we can find no such exaggeration in the speech of M. Charles de Lesseps. When he says that, "If this was a proposal actually binding the Company, he should be the last to advocate it," there is no reasonable doubt that he speaks the truth, and there is much reasonable doubt whether it is worth England's while to enter into such a "not actually binding" agreement. When he told his hearers that "the Board might decide to-morrow to abandon the arrangement," and referred to the three English Directors to confirm his words, they did not dispute them. It is certain that they could not dispute them, except in regard to the increase of the direction, which is not carried. Yet the entire benefits, such as they are, which the agreement confers are absolutely dependent on the arbitrary will of the Board, which is still French by a great majority and will remain so. M. Charles de Lesseps declares that the English occupation of Egypt has nothing to do with the complaisance of his Board. It is pleasant to imagine (and only to imagine) a change of scene in which M. Camille Barrère should be in the place of Sir Evelyn Baring, and one of the generals who have been carrying on war in Tonquin after the humane fashion described in Thursday's *Times* in the place of Sir Gerald Graham. Perhaps M. Charles de Lesseps's excellent sentiments as to the necessity of consulting customers, and not aiming at too high dividends, might continue in that case, perhaps also they might not. But if they did not, it is quite certain that there is nothing in the agreement or in the constitution of the Company which could prevent the latter "perhaps" from translating itself into action.

Another argument which has before been urged against the present and any half-hearted and wrong-ended tinkering with the constitution and arrangements of the Canal is very remarkably confirmed and illustrated by this meeting. There were, we have said, some sixteen hundred votes given, and it may be taken as tolerably certain that the voting list was not by any means polled out. Now M. Charles de Lesseps himself puts it that England holds two-fifths of the shares—as a matter of fact she holds more. The total number of votes assignable in any case to this holding is as things stand ten. So that two-fifths and more of the capital is able to dispose of a one hundred and sixtieth part of the votes at the disposal of far less than three-fifths. More than two multiplied by one hundred and sixty becomes in Suez Canal arithmetic less than three. We do not

know to what extent M. Abeille has increased his original investment of five hundred francs; we are not so impertinent as to desire without any right, or so fortunate as to be able to aspire with a right, to know the exact amount of Mlle. Philippon's *dot*. But, at the least, these gentlemen must have had two votes between them—that is to say, they could dispose of a fifth of the whole voting power which Great Britain, with its millions of holding, is ever to hope for according as far as the Lessepsian agreement goes. It is extremely probable (since the average voting power of each shareholder present seems to have been nearer six than five) that between them they could actually outvote England. Now so long as this initial anomaly continues, so long let it be again and again repeated will matters never be satisfactory. It seems to be made a crime against some of the malcontents that they want to sell their shares and “get out”; we really do not know why they should not, and the accusation is not very consistent with another taunt often used both by M. de Lesseps's partisans and the malcontents towards Englishmen, that the latter, if they want to manage the Canal, have only got to buy shares and seat their men on the Board. The fact is that the most elaborate and artificial arrangements have been taken expressly to prevent this consummation. There is, therefore, no great reason for Englishmen to rejoice over M. de Lesseps's victory, nor will there be much even if he succeeds in beating the malcontents on the further question of the directorate. The most that can be said is, that it is always hard for a Company which has once adopted a reasonable tariff to revert to an unreasonable one; that if the agreement is strictly carried out, considerable benefit will accrue to English commercial interests, and that the more important political advantages may possibly come if they are intelligently waited for. There are signs that M. de Lesseps does not regard the Suez Canal in a country dominated by the English with anything like the partiality with which he regarded it in the days when he was only not a rival to the Khedive because he was able to regard himself as (in reference to the Canal) the Khedive's superior, and that he is transferring his affections to the younger Panama venture. It is anything but certain that he will be able without English aid to raise the capital required for the Canal alterations, and in the raising of that capital there will be occasion for a little judicious generalship on the part of England. At present judicious generalship out of the actual field of battle does not seem to be the forte of Englishmen, and it is needless to say that all the advantages actually gained might be thrown away, and that all those possible to be gained would be at once rendered impossible by the surrender of the position which England now holds in Egypt. Mr. Gladstone has frequently announced himself as capable of such a surrender, but fortunately even Mr. Gladstone is, as was well shown in this very Canal matter, not an absolute dictator. With Egypt in less crotchety and more capable hands there would be little fear of Egyptian difficulties, whether on the River or on the Canal, in the Delta or in the Desert. It may be added that nothing so much as the irresolution of the Government attitude is likely to induce M. de Lesseps to make any very serious fight to retain what he has practically acknowledged to be an indefensible autocracy.

OLD RHINE WINES.

A THOUSAND louis-d'or, or 960*l.*, for a fudder of twelve ohms of ten-year-old Johannisberg—equal to about 5*l.* a dozen—was a good price to pay, on the spot, in 1789; and it is recorded to have been actually paid by an Englishman. Such a wine were worthy of the regal implement which gives its name to the “Goldener Pfropfenzieher” at Oberwesel, whose signboard Schrödter painted, and which Bædeker still affectionately marks with a *. The ordinary cost of the first quality, as soon as it became saleable, was then from three to four thousand florins, or about a third of the Englishman's mad price. The Abbey of Johannisberg, which was also called Bischofsberg, was then a mere outhouse of the powerful and wealthy Abbey of Fulda, where the best of the wine was sent year by year. Still there remained in the immense cellars thousands of fudders. Bischofsberg was founded as a Benedictine convent (“... montes Benedictus amabat”) in 1106, by Ruthard, second Archbishop of Mainz; was dismantled in the sixteenth century by the Markgraf Albrecht of Brandenburg, and subsequently entirely demolished by the Swedes in the Thirty Years' war. It was then mortgaged by Archbishop Anselm Casimir, and sold by the mortgagee—one Hubert von Bleimann—to the Abbot of Fulda, who rebuilt the schloss, the church, and—the cellars. When Fulda was suppressed in 1802, Schloss Johannisberg fell to the Prince of Orange; in 1807 Napoleon gave it to Kellermann—if because of his name, he made one of the best practical jokes on record—and it was finally presented in 1816 by the Emperor of Austria, as an Imperial fief, to Prince Metternich, who, ere he blossomed into princedom, had long, as Graf von Metternich, owned considerable property not far off at Rüdesheim, including the fine ruins of the Broomberg.

Highly as it was prized a hundred years ago, we may conclude that it has much improved within the last seventy years, chiefly perhaps because of the careful sorting of the grapes; but even now it is only in the finest seasons that the top of the first quality is reached, and it is run hard by the Duke of Nassau's Steinberg,

from the hill at the back of Hattenheim, which was cultivated by the Cistercian monks of the Eberbach valley (“Bernardus valles . . .”) seven centuries ago. Diez found that Johannisberg of 1865 contained one-tenth alcohol, while Steinberger of 1846 was considerably stronger, giving 11·60 per cent. of pure spirit. Gerken, who in the third volume of his now forgotten *Travels*, gave a good account of the wines of the Rheingau in the last century, is content to mention the best in topographical order merely as he proceeds up the river. Thus his list consists of Assmannshausen—in strictness below the Rheingau—Rüdesheim, including the Hauptberg, Rodtland, and Hinterhaus, as the vineyards behind Rüdesheim town are called; Geisenheim, with which he names Rothenberg and Kapellgarten; Johannisberg of the Fuldische-Schlossberg; Hattenheim and Markbrunner (as he writes it; from Markbrunnen, “boundary well”); Eberbach Abbey and the Steinberg; Kitterich, now Kiedrich, and the Gräfenberg; and, finally, Rauenthal, with its Hauptberg. Above Mainz, he names on the left bank Laubenheim, Bodenheim, Bischheim, Nierstein, Dienheim, and Harschheim; and on the right Hochheim, the father of hocks and really on the Main, and the best slopes of Wickert and Kostheim.

The wines of Bacharach, the Ara Bacchi of the Middle Ages, were still in the eighteenth century reckoned among the best on the Rhine; those grown on the blue slate of the Vogtsberg and Kuhlberg being distinguished by a muscat flavour and an agreeable bouquet. It was of this wine that Æneas Sylvius, Pope Pius II. (1458–1464), yearly brought a tun or fudder of 380 gallons to Rome, and the Emperor Wenceslaus, or Wenzel, sold Nuremberg its freedom for four fudders of it yearly. At this date it can scarcely be called advertising to mention a firm of wine-merchants which existed in 1789 among the Herrnhuter of Neuwied—that of Philipp Jakob Scheurer—which was famous for Rhine and Mosel wines, Reichert (a term answering apparently to the “vin claret,” or pale red, of old French, which has given us our generic term claret)—and especially the “vins de Paille,” which were to be seen “on the tables of many European Courts, side by side with Imperial Tokay”—a delicate touch which we venture to commend to the notice of the modern touter. But it is quite possible that the Scheurers might have found the custom of the independent bourgeois of Cologne quite as desirable, for there was then no town in Germany that could boast so many drinking-shops, and their number was at times insufficient to hold the crowds that flocked to them. Drinking was the favourite pastime of the inhabitants. At the close of the day the merchant left his counting-house, the artisan his workshop, and the labourer his toil, and one and all congregated in the Weinstube or the Bierkeiße. The bottle was the end and aim of all their country excursions; whether across to Deutz or elsewhere, it was the foundation, the backbone, and took the place of the *pièce de résistance* in all their picnics. Young and old, men and women, drank alike, and gallantry and flirtation took but second place even in the dancing parties the Germans have always loved so well; albeit they could by no manner of means have made Allan Ramsay's excuse for swilling, and said,

Bacchus only drinks with me
When Ariadne's coy.

They were rabid politicians, too, sad Republicans even then, and plotted their seditions over their cups, and it might truly be told of them, as Dryden said of Shadwell, that the only loyal service they rendered their ruler was to increase the revenue by drinking.

The vines then cultivated a hundred years since in the Rheingau were divided into the common, which did not grow very tall, and were called Riesslinge, a name which survives in the Forster Riesling of the Palatinate and in many other wines. The grapes of this sort ripened first, and gave, next to the Orleans, the best and strongest wine. Then there were the Orleans, the “Klebroth,” or Red Burgundy, and those called the Lambert. Gerken advised vine-growers to prefer the Burgundy grape of Assmannshausen, because the red colour did not hurt Rhine wines; because it matured sufficiently even in bad years, when other grapes did not ripen; and because its wine was saleable in the year of its manufacture—a great advantage to the poorer cultivators. But viticulture must then have been still in a most rudimentary state; for the Rhenish peasant could not then be considered rich, his whole income being derived from his vines, which have ever been at the mercy of “bad years.” The nobles and the wealthy merchants, too, held all the best vineyards, and a couple of poor vintages ruined the peasant and sent him to the money-lender. Then he soon sold or lost his vineyard, and became a labourer for hire. Thus, at Assmannshausen, where the Bleichert was in 1789 beginning to be preferred to the finest Burgundies, the village plainly spoke of poverty, the greater part of the inhabitants being struggling day-labourers. No wonder, then, that the vines were manured but every six or seven years with road-scrappings, old earth, mortar from ruined houses, and perfectly decayed farm-manure. This was done before the winter, and the vines were frequently hoed during spring and summer, to destroy weeds. The summer prunings were tied round the stem to dry, and given to the cows in the following winter. The bunches of grapes were cut with a small sickle, and pounded with a great wooden pestle at Worms and in the Rheingau, but trodden underfoot at Frankfurt and its neighbourhood. The grapes thus crushed were brought in large tuns to the press, whence the must ran down, through long wooden tubes, into the vats in the cellars. The presses were either the

ancient Baumkeller, in which the pressure was obtained by means of the heavy trunk of a large tree, or the screw-press, in which the screw was of wood. A great novelty in 1789 was the iron-screw press—in which, of course, the peasants saw all sorts of imperfections. The first runnings of the press are the weakest, but also the most delicate; that which follows has more character and strength; the last is bad and rough. By mixing all three the first gains body and the last loses its harshness. But there was even a fourth pressing, and then the refuse was, as in many wine countries, used for distillation. This refuse had to be pulled to pieces with the hands, else would it take fire in fermenting; it was then trodden in a vat containing six inches of clay covered by a layer of sand. Or the bullocks were fed with it; but given to cows it caused them to run dry.

Gerken noted that in his time, as now, in the hot dry years the vineyards on the heights away from the river produced the best wine, while in cold wet years the yield of the plain and the Rhine banks was to be preferred. Old casks in which good wine has lain, and in which much tartrate remains, are, when well cleaned and scalded, best for the new wine. If put into new casks it retains, it is true, a finer and more delicate flavour, but it develops more body and fire in the old wood, for the new cask absorbs much of the sulphates and the essential oils during the fermentation, whereas an old one gives strength and purifies during the same stage. In small casks, too, the wine becomes sweeter and gentler, and is sooner drinkable, but the loss by evaporation is twice as great as in the genuine large Rhine-tun, the Rheinische Stückfass, which should hold seven ohms and a half, or about 250 gallons. In these the wine ripens better, if more slowly, and develops more body, and all the Rheingau produce must be reckoned hard and even disagreeable when too new. Here may be quoted an old dictum taken from Förster about a good Rhine wine. First, it should have a strikingly agreeable flavour; next, it should be clear as crystal; thirdly, a murmur of some tiny brooklet should be heard in pouring it out; and, lastly, there should appear in the centre of the glass a suspicion of "sparkling," which should rapidly bead away in evanescent bubbles. It is a bad sign if a slight foam mount leisurely, and take an appreciable time to disappear. Such a wine has almost certainly been blended and doctored. A century ago, as nowadays, the first quality of the choicest wines was rarely to be had in the Rhine inns. The cost of transport and the Customs dues being the same for all qualities, the merchants bought only the best, which also travelled best, leaving behind only the lower qualities. Thus it came to pass that all the finest Rhine wines were to be drunk in North Germany.

PAPAL POETS.

HER MAJESTY'S fresh instalment of her Diary appears at almost the same moment with another volume emanating from a crowned—and indeed triply crowned—head. Under the title of *Leonis XIII. Pont. Maximi Carmina*, Professor Brunelli of Perugia has just edited a collection of Latin poems by the present Pope, with an Italian version of his own. The appearance of such a work naturally suggests reflections on the literary and especially the poetical antecedents of the long line of pontiffs to whom his Holiness succeeds. The subject is not, in one sense, a very copious one, for the number of Popes, as of other rulers or potentates in Church or State, who have enjoyed a literary reputation has, as might be expected, not been very great. Mr. Creighton makes rather a strong statement in saying of *Æneas Silvius* (Pius II.) that "he is, perhaps, the only man of letters who has been equally eminent in literature and in statesmanship." But as a rule the two kinds of eminence are not found in combination. Many Sovereigns and Popes have been men of no special distinction of any sort, and those who have been distinguished were usually, to cite a phrase—if we remember rightly of Napoleon's—"too busy making history to have time to write it"; still less could they find leisure for poetical composition. As regards the early Popes the fact has often been noticed, and is dwelt on by Milman, partly in proof of the inherent and growing greatness of their See, that none of them were men of very conspicuous personality; the very names and dates even of some of the series are still uncertain. It is not too much to say that Leo the Great in the middle of the fifth century is the first whose personal character emerges from obscurity; so much so that the same writer justly speaks of his pontificate as constituting an "epoch in the history of Latin, or rather of universal, Christianity." And Leo was moreover a considerable preacher; at this day many of his sermons might be preached with edification, and with scarcely the change of a word, before an educated congregation, from either an Anglican or a Roman Catholic pulpit; there is an almost modern tone about them, and Milman calls them "singularly Christian, as dwelling almost exclusively on Christ." The next great pontiff, a century and a half later, was also a preacher and a writer, and even a poet, though he has been somewhat unfairly gibbeted by Hallam and other authorities as a typical enemy of learning. Hallam says that hostility to it "was inculcated in the most extravagant degree by Gregory I., the founder in a great measure of the papal supremacy, and the chief authority in the dark ages"; there is even a late, and probably apocryphal, story of his burning a library of heathen authors. It is certain that he spoke with some contempt of grammatical niceties in writing, and thought it improper for clergymen to be employed in teaching

grammar; and that he commended the youthful Benedict, afterwards founder of the Benedictine Order, for his flight from Rome to the desert, preferring to be "nescienter sciens et scienter indoctus." But Benedict fled to escape the vices, not the education, of the capital; and it must be remembered on the one hand that the bent of Gregory's mind was in the direction of practical energy and especially of missionary enterprise—which made him, in Milman's words, "the father of the Medieval Papacy"—while on the other hand he lived at a period when the old classical Latin was in the last stage of decay, and neither the mediæval Latin, which is really a different language, nor any of the tongues of modern Europe were yet in a position to replace it. The kind of grammatical instruction he put aside as mere waste of precious time was in fact little better than a form of obsolete pedantry. Meanwhile he was himself, as we have seen, a poet, and some of the finest of the ancient hymns still preserved in the Roman Breviary are from his pen; a monk of Monte Cassino, named Amatus, dedicated to him a poem on St. Peter and St. Paul.

It is a far cry from Gregory I. at the end of the sixth century to Gregory VII., better known as Hildebrand, at the end of the eleventh; but, with the exception of Nicholas I. and Leo IX., who also were men of action, not men of letters, there is no Pope of commanding personality between them. Leo IX. is said indeed to have been an effective preacher, but rather from the saintly unction of his sermons than from any special rhetorical power. The two next great pontiffs, Innocent III. and Innocent IV., had little time for indulging in any literary pursuits, and thus we are brought, after two centuries more, to Pius II., whose name has already been referred to, and who has not been unjustly described as, in his previous life, before he became immersed in public affairs, "one of the earliest representatives of the man of letters pure and simple." His literary tastes were not indeed exactly accordant with his subsequent position. He wrote among other things a poem, as he boasted, of more than two thousand lines in length in honour of the mistress of his Siennese friend, Mariano de Sotini, and he took pride in receiving from Frederick III. the laureate's crown. It is quite true that few men of more consummate abilities or larger ambition ever sat on the papal throne than Pius II., who in changing his name, not only abandoned the immoralities, but, as Milman puts it, "boldly, unreservedly, absolutely condemned the heretical tenets of *Æneas Silvius*." The next pontiff of decided literary tastes, who, though not himself an author, was a liberal and appreciative patron of learned men, and especially of poets, was unfortunately still less of a credit to the Papacy than Pius II. The retort of an Anglican controversialist, when charged with the Socinianism of Bishop Hoadley, "Leo X. was a Pope, though an infidel," may perhaps be an exaggeration, but that his tastes and his morals were alike essentially Pagan there can be no manner of doubt. The Italian poetry of the age which he and other Renaissance Popes delighted to patronize, was of the type consigned to an immortality of shame in Beccadelli's *Hermaphroditus*. If we pass over two centuries more, Benedict XIV. and Clement XIII., better known as Ganganelli, two of the best as well as ablest Popes of the later centuries, were both authors, but we are not aware that either of them cultivated poetry.

As regards the present Pope, his literary habits and capabilities have long been matter of notoriety; and Signor Brunelli takes occasion, in the preface to the volume of poems he has edited, to tell us some pertinent anecdotes in illustration of it. Thus it appears that, when Bishop of Perugia, Cardinal Pecci took an active interest in the working of his diocesan seminary, and was in fact "more than Bishop, he was our rector, master, and father." He was constantly to be seen "in the chapel, in the corridors, at meals, at recreation, in the private rooms, in the school, and even teaching at the desk." On one morning, for instance, Brunelli, then himself a student, came down late for his class, and was much taken aback to find the Cardinal Bishop himself seated at the master's desk and explaining Cicero *Pro Milone* to his pupils. Brunelli mentions that he knew by heart more than half of Dante, and nearly the whole of the *Æneid* and Odes of Horace. His recent move in regard to the Vatican Library was noticed in our columns at the time. It may be added here that three weeks ago he received in private audience the members of the German Historical Club in Rome, with each of whom he conversed separately on the particular work he was engaged upon, and then proceeded to deliver a general address, in which the following significant passage occurs:—"We have no fears about the publication of documents, for every Pope, one more, another less, has laboured, often under great difficulties, for the advance of God's kingdom on earth, and this among all peoples. . . . Work then, with courage and perseverance, with activity and joy, not so much for earthly reward and human recognition and honour as for the honour and glory of God." The present volume is of a somewhat lighter, though mainly of a religious kind. It opens with poems commemorating St. Herculaneus and another martyred bishop of Perugia, and then follow verses of a more directly personal interest. One poem is addressed to a friend, "Ad Vincentium Panormum," on his name of Vincent. Another, "De Invaletudine Sua, 1830," is on a serious illness which threatened his own life when he was only ten years old; it begins:—

Ipsæ puer denos, Joachim, vix crescis in annos,
Morbore non hou quanta vi miser obrueris;
Juvurit hos fando tristes memorare dolores,
Et vitæ ærumnas dicere carminibus.

Then follow some couplets describing his illness, and expectation of death, and the poem ends:—

Non me labentis perturbant gaudia vite,
Eternis inhians nil peritura moror;
Attingens patriam felix erit advena, felix
Si valet ad portum ducere nauta ratem.

After this there come lines on a certain youth, Roger A. C. by name, who "effrontem mulierem depellit"; then some in which "fons loquitur," like Horace's fountain of Bandusia; then some more "de se ipso" under date of 1875; verses on his sister, on Gertrude Sterbini, a virgin, and various sets on different priests of the author's acquaintance and superiors of convents. One poem is on "Ars photographica," one addressed to a Perugian friend, whom he desired to recall from an immoral life, and one bears the ominous title, "Damnatorum ad inferos lamentabilis vox"; two are in Italian, one being a hymn to the Virgin, the other, of a jocose kind, addressed to Orfei, his predecessor in the Delegation of Benevento. The lines seem generally, as far as we can judge from the specimens before us, to be smooth and classical in form; but the chief and permanent interest of the volume will lie, of course, in its frequent biographical allusions, from the time of the author's early childhood down to the present day, and in the evidence it affords of classical tastes and pursuits, for which neither Popes nor *Papalini* have of late years been remarkable. And the circumstance mentioned by the editor, of his Holiness's intimate familiarity with both Virgil and Dante, shows that in his case this habit of mind has been cherished through life. Dante is indeed the great Catholic poet of the middle ages, and there is a close affinity between the teachings of the *Divina Commedia* and of Aquinas, which may help to explain the predilection of the present Pope for it. But it seems that he is equally at home in Virgil and Horace, and here no such secondary interest can have prompted his choice.

It may further be observed that the volume reflects a pleasing light on the simplicity, devoutness, and natural sympathy of the personal character of Leo XIII. We see his patience and trust in the Divine mercy under severe illness, his playful rallying of one companion, and urgent warning of another, whom he feared to be straying into forbidden paths, his affection for his sister and loyalty to his friends. There is nothing to be sure out of the common in all this, nothing we are not accustomed to meet with every day, but then somehow it is pleasant to be reminded that Popes and Kings are after all "our own flesh and blood," and it is especially pleasant, when they are persons exemplary and energetic in the discharge of the public duties of their exalted station, to find that their human feelings and sympathies remain warm and fresh as though no such divinity did hedge them about, and that they are quite willing to confess so much. It is this revelation which gives to the Queen's Highland Journal its peculiar charm, and has evoked so wide and hearty a response among its multitudinous readers. And we can well imagine that for the great multitude of Christians of various nations, who look up to the successor of St. Peter as their spiritual father and pastor, this little collection of papal poems will have something of the same significance and attraction, and that they will recognize in it the "touch of nature" which makes Pope and peasant kin. For those among them who are scholars and keenly alive to the importance of enlisting scholarship in the service of religion, it will of course possess a further interest as coming from such a quarter. But to the ordinary Catholic, who cares little for such matters, and has been accustomed to gaze in distant awe, as at an infallible but impersonal oracle, at the mysterious presence enthroned in the Vatican, it may be expected to convey something of the impression produced on Dr. Arnold's boys at Rugby, according to his biographer, as they whispered to each other in accents of half-incredulous admiration, "Why, he calls us fellows."

SCHOOL MANAGERS.

AS a nation we rather pride ourselves on our genius for administration, yet certain administrative curiosities have been developed in our midst which could not well be matched for un-wisdom by anything that can be found in the countries which we are so fond of tutoring. The statement that we are now about to make may seem incredible to many people, but it is true all the same. The London School Board employs 4,500 teachers.

	£	s.	d.
The average salary of the head-masters is . . .	262	15	0
" " " head-mistresses is . . .	182	8	0
" " " assistant-masters is . . .	117	5	7
" " " assistant-mistresses is . . .	94	0	3

These salaries are undoubtedly good, and a head-mastership under the Board is one of the prizes of the teaching profession. There are 300 head-masters, 590 head-mistresses, and in all about 3,600 assistants. For the financial year which ends with this month the amount estimated by the Board to be paid for teachers' salaries is 580,000*l.*, but we imagine that the estimate is rather high. Take the amount at 550,000*l.*, and it will be seen that the persons who appoint the teaching staff have an enormous amount of patronage at their disposal. Every post that falls vacant is eagerly sought after, and we have no doubt that, if an advertisement were issued to-day inviting applications for the mastership of any given school under the Board, the committee would receive at least four hundred ap-

plications during next week. The choice of a teacher is a difficult task, which may have momentous results. If we consider the mischief that may be wrought by a single incompetent school-master, it is evident that no amount of caution can be reckoned as exaggerated when the fate of several hundred young children is in question. There is no work so wearing as that of elementary teaching, there is no work that requires special aptitudes and special training to such a degree, and there is no work that is nearly so hard to gauge. Before a man is fit to judge whether a teacher is good or bad, he must have acquired a certain indefinable skill which only comes by long practice or long observation. A schoolmaster may be full of knowledge and yet be a mere dreary bungler in school, while another man whose culture is narrow may be able to impart the little he knows like a consummate artist. A good elementary teacher must have healthy physique, and perfect temper: his patience must never for a moment give way, for, if he once shows that he can be ruffled, his influence is gone; he must work with absolute quietude, because the least sign of fussiness is fatal to discipline; he must have learned by years of practice a hundred little devices like the "short cuts" employed by a crack Cambridge mathematician. If he is too familiar his lads secretly despise him; if he is too distant he cannot make his youngsters like him, and a man who is not liked may as well give up the trade of teaching. A good school is a fine sight; a bad school is a dangerous nuisance.

Now let us see what kind of men and women are set by the London Board to decide whether teachers have or have not the qualities which we have described as fitting a man to conduct a school with success. The ten divisions of London are split up into groups, and the schools in each group are under the control of a committee of managers. These managers are chosen by the members of the Board, and the mode of selection is not a little droll. The Dissenting member picks out a Dissenter, the Church member picks out a Churchman, and it is very easy to imagine the kind of committees which are pitchforked together by this interesting arrangement. It is not too much to say that there are districts of London in which no teacher can possibly obtain an appointment unless he belongs to one or other religious sect which happens to hold the majority of the committee for the group. Educational qualifications are not taken into account at all in choosing these remarkable "managers." An illiterate grocer who happens to have made himself active in canvassing during an election has his vanity gratified by an appointment to a committee. Let us choose two representative bodies of managers, and the public may then see in what hands the educational destinies of London are placed. The first committee consisted of a brick-layer, a bootmaker, a chemist, the chemist's wife, a lawyer's clerk, a relieving officer, and two ladies. The second consisted of a pork-butcher and his wife, a general dealer, a registrar of births, an undertaker, a livery-stable keeper, a stationer, and a money-lender who did business in a small way. One lady member of the Board lately appointed a chimney-sweep as school manager. The chimney-sweep was doubtless a public-spirited man, useful at elections, and enthusiastic in the cause of education. We do not of course know what studies he pursued during the intervals when he was not practising his salutary labours; yet surely his training hardly fitted him to measure the qualities of teachers. Under the New Code graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, and London are permitted to apply for schools under the Board, and the difficult London degree is quite commonly possessed by the teachers. At the risk of using words appropriate to an Enemy of the People, we are bound to say that a chimney-sweep is not (on the doctrine of chances) likely to be an efficient critic of University scholars.

Cultured ladies and gentlemen occasionally serve on a committee, but they are few in number, and the great army of ignorant busybodies is most strongly represented. Funny but humiliating stories appear from time to time in the educational and other journals. "I ope, sir," said one beaming and bland authority, "that you teach these boys the proper pronunciation of the Haitches. Boys, do you pronounce your Haitches?" The quick little fellows were much amused by this address. A chairman of one of the committees of managers in a very important district may be congratulated on having made the shortest speech on record. At a public meeting the president inquired, "Who seconds this motion?" The school manager arose, and said, "Me." A teacher once took the returns for his school before the managing committee. The chairman gazed with apprehension on the card, which showed that for the first week the percentage had been 96.04, while for the second week it was 96.8. The intrusion of the decimal point represented nothing to him, and he said with dignity, "How, sir, do you account for this extraordinary and culpable decrease?" Another excellent man objected to the teaching of physiology. He feared lest religion might suffer, and he observed with stern emphasis, "I don't believe the Creator meant children to know so much about their own insides. We're turning out thirty thousand atheists every year."

Now these persons, who would be excellently useful if they were set to look after buildings or furniture, are not permitted to order the expenditure of a farthing. As an evening journal lately observed, they cannot order a new pane of glass or a pennyworth of paint; their function is to appoint the teachers who are to shape the minds and lives of half a million children. It is hard to believe, but such is the fact.

The result is that, although many good appointments are made, yet the amount of blundering and jobbery is distressing. Vain and ignorant persons are put in a position where vanity and

ignorance find daily solace. Let us suppose that a new teacher is to be chosen. Canvassing is supposed to disqualify any candidate, but canvassing goes on, and always will go on. An illiterate butcher or grocer finds himself in the delightful position of being courted by men and women of education. Could any stronger bait be held out to petty natures? The wife of the pork-butcher whom we mentioned above may not be quite sure about the long words in a reading-book, yet her interest may be solicited by a clever University man, or by a skilful teacher of twenty years' experience. The canvassing goes merrily on, and the selection is generally decided long before the final meeting takes place; but candidates are brought up from all parts of the country at the ratepayers' expense, and the committee-man's greatest moment comes. One by one the ladies and gentlemen are summoned from the ante-room and stand at the foot of the table where the pork-butcher and the grocer and the others sit in dignity. The pleasure of "heckling" an educated man is keenly appreciated, and, as some of the candidates are nervous, the committee have great fun. Here are some specimen questions which were lately published:—"Do you object to the use of tobacco?" "How would you cure a sulky child?" "Do you read novels?" "Do you consider novels as proper reading for a teacher of youth?" "How is it that you passed 98.1 per cent. in 1877 and 97.9 in 1878?" And all this time, let it be remembered, the inquirers have not the slightest notion as to whether the man before them can or cannot teach. If the sensible example of certain provincial Boards were followed, if members went to different schools and saw the applicants actually at work, there would be a chance for good teachers. As it is, the suave person who makes gentle answers, the bold one who has no nerve to speak of, may be appointed, while a nervous man who is an excellent teacher may be thrown out, even if the selection happens not to be pre-arranged. It is sometimes said of a badgered candidate, "His presence is not good." We know what is the Abstract Grocer's idea of a "presence." The most ludicrous and shameful results arise from this senseless system. Not many months ago, two University graduates, two men who had taken all the honours possible in their training colleges, and two very successful teachers, were rejected in favour of a man who had taken the last position on his college list and held it against all comers. The winning candidate was a member of a chapel attended by four out of seven of the committee, and the majority took their own way. It has happened that, in a single night, appointments worth over a thousand a year have been made by a small knot of persons of whom hardly one could have passed the examination set to children of ten in an average Board school. Small bodies of uncultured and obscure people spread over the whole of London choose the essential portions of the vast educational machinery erected by the Board, and such people take narrow views of their duties as responsible managers just as they take narrow views of everything in life. So it has come about that good teachers in the provinces rarely think it worth while to apply now for London situations. The general impression in the country is that the farce of advertising for teachers might just as well be done away with, since the best appointments are decided by ignoble local jobbery before ever the advertisement has appeared. It must be stated that the nominations of the district committees must be ratified by a committee of the central Board; but this means nothing. When the local committees have sent up their nominations, then the persons nominated attend at the central office. Sometimes thirty, sometimes forty, sometimes sixty or more teachers appear at the Board offices, and have their appointments settled in a single afternoon. They pass rapidly through a room, answer a few hurried questions, and scuttle out again. The process is necessarily slovenly, and the members of the Board must deplore their own want of acquaintance with the individuals whom they thus send away to responsible employments as rapidly as a shepherd pushes a flock into the sheep-wash. This kind of thing should be stopped at once. Of course the necessity for local self-government will be pleaded as soon as it is proposed to abolish the local committees. We find no fault with local self-government; we only say that, in the particular instance which we have discussed, certain local self-governors are unfit for their office—and mischievously unfit. What should we say if we read in a book of travels such a statement as the following?—"The naval service of (my) Laputa is very expensively kept up, and the organization is most complicated. The mode adopted in choosing naval officers would be considered strange in our own land; but the inhabitants appear to think it quite natural. Supposing that a navigating lieutenant is required, then the selection is made from a body of men who hold certificates, granted by the State, for nautical astronomy, navigation, and practical seamanship. The candidates appear before a committee composed of a tailor, a plasterer, a clergyman, a confectioner, and a newspaper editor. By leaving the selection to men who are totally ignorant of navigation, it is believed that impartiality is secured. The committee have nothing to do with ships' stores: their function is to appoint officers on whose skill the lives of sailors depend." We should reckon this a curious way of managing business; but, seriously speaking, how far does our caricature differ from the actual state of things which exists in London?

The Board should choose an "Appointments Committee," made up partly of the Board's own members and partly of representatives from the various local districts. The money muddled away on the travelling expenses of candidates might be spent in paying the expenses of inspectors whose duty it should be to visit the

applicants in various parts of the country and report formally on their work. Local jobbery would thus be avoided; a fair chance would be given to good men; and a ludicrous scandal might, once and for all, be ended.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN RELATIONS.

WE lately placed before our readers a summary sketch of the internal political condition of Japan. We propose now to complete our survey by drawing attention with equal brevity to the most salient features of her external affairs, believing that the time has come when politicians and men of business alike should awake to the reality of our potential interests in that distant country. The foreign policy of the Japanese Empire may be regarded under two distinct heads, corresponding respectively to her position as an Asiatic Power and her relations with the Western world. There is one preliminary observation, however, which applies to both sets of foreign relations alike—namely, that until some thirty years ago she may be said almost to have succeeded in not having any. The exclusiveness which repelled the "Western barbarian" from her shores had been strictly maintained for nearly three centuries. Of the causes which induced this policy, suffice it here to say that the simultaneous proscription of foreigners and Christians where before both had been tolerated is attributed by history to the necessity imposed upon the Government of safeguarding the public welfare from the political intrigues of Jesuit missionaries. Native Christians remained under the ban until a few years ago; and the only exception to the rule excluding aliens was in the annual reception of a single Dutch ship at the port of Nagasaki, and the settlement there of a few Dutch traders, confined almost as prisoners upon a strip of land in the harbour, and subjected to such indignities that the mind revolts from the greed of gain that could induce free men to submit to such a life. During this period, moreover, Japanese subjects leaving their native land returned at peril of their lives; and official regulations, coupled with the unsuitability for any but coasting voyages of the native junk (said to have been specially designed with this object), succeeded in restricting intercourse with the mainland opposite to such occasional ventures as authority chose to permit. But since 1854 the treaties have opened several ports and the two principal cities of the Empire to foreign residence and commerce; and, more recently, the policy of the present Government and the adoption of Western models in ship-building have made the Japanese people themselves practically free to go where they will.

Ever since the invasion of Korea at the close of the sixteenth century (which, without conferring any benefit on the invaders, appears, from recent accounts, to have left a permanent blight upon the peninsular kingdom) Japan undertook no foreign military expedition of any kind until some ten or twelve years ago. The opening of the country to European trade and the revolution of 1868, which aroused the people from the lethargy of ages, awoke the Government at the same time to the position of their country as an Asiatic Power. Among the material accessories of European science, eagerly caught at and turned to account, sea-going ships and steam navigation made a foreign policy in Asia both possible and necessary. Together with a mercantile marine there has naturally grown up also a sea-going navy on European lines, while for transport the Government has made provision by retaining rights over the fleets of subsidized steamship Companies. All this is in accordance with the appropriate development of an island Empire. Her insular position, corresponding somewhat closely with that of Great Britain in this hemisphere, points to similar capabilities in like directions; and modern Japanese are fond of calling their country the "England of the East," a healthy aspiration which may help to bring about some portion of its own fulfilment. But it was not to be expected that Japan could operate in this extended sphere of political activity without exciting some sense of uneasiness in her neighbour—one cannot speak of neighbours in the plural, for, with the exception of Russia, of which presently, China is practically Japan's only neighbour. The natural antagonism arising from geographical contiguity has of late years been accentuated by the diametrically opposed attitude towards Occidentalism inspired by the genius of either people. China, remaining wrapped in old exclusiveness, looks on at the headlong career of her neighbour with dismay, coupled with contempt for what she views as treason to the cause of Oriental civilization. Japan, believing heart and soul in the superiority of the new lights, contemns in her turn the obtuseness or obstinacy of the half-torpid giant at her gates. Occasions have not been wanting for bringing these feelings into prominence. China has had, or thought she had, practical grounds to fear the newly-aroused activity of Japan in the seas that wash the shores of both. Three times within the last twelve years the two nations have been in danger of going to war. On the first of these occasions, when Japan sent a considerable force to the large island of Formosa, over portions of which China has unquestioned territorial rights, with the ostensible object of exacting reparation from a savage tribe of natives for the murder of some shipwrecked sailors, the just susceptibilities of China were not unnaturally touched—though probably, if the truth were told, internal rather than external politics would be found to have afforded the real motive of the expedition. On the second occasion, the assumption by the Central Government of Japan of direct control over the Loochoo Islands, for three hundred years administered as a subordinate fief by the Prince of Satsuma,

but where, nevertheless, China put forward, as is her wont, certain shadowy rights, barred by three centuries of prescription; and again, not two years ago, when, in the course of a domestic insurrection, a mob attacked the Japanese Legation in Korea, in which kingdom also China claims, perhaps with better show of reason, some rights of suzerainty—on these two occasions an impartial retrospect shows Japan to have in no way exceeded her rights, or even her plain and simple duty. Indeed, on the last-named occasion, the Ministers of the Mikado, in circumstances of great national aggravation, and in the face of a provocative attitude and assumption of authority on the part of China, displayed a most exemplary coolness and moderation; and, by maintaining throughout the crisis a spirit of dignified conciliation, avoided the collision which the action of China, for once headlong and inconsiderate, was quite calculated to produce. But neither country is really in a position to inflict any serious blow upon the other; and a consciousness of this fact has no doubt helped diplomacy on both sides to keep the peace so far. On both sides of the sea, however, the power to assume the offensive is growing, and will grow. Fortunately Korea, the natural bone of contention, by entering into treaty relations with the European Powers, will practically be neutralized. And, Korea apart, it is really difficult to see any substantial ground of contention between the nations, unless China some day determines to have the Loochoo Islands by force, the southernmost of which, nearest to her geographically, and strategically important, Japan has already offered to cede to close the controversy.

The only other neighbour affecting Japan's position as an Asiatic State is Russia. All this century, and occasionally before it, Russia has been feeling Japan's northern boundaries. Not many years ago the large island of Saghalin—containing coal—which is an extension of the Japanese geographical system in a north-westerly direction to the mouth of the Amoor, was ceded or acknowledged to belong to Russia in exchange for the Kurile Islands, the north-eastern horn of the same group, which, however, Japan had some reason for believing belonged to her already. The story certainly recalls a well-known fable. But though Saghalin had coal, it had not a good harbour; and a good harbour, free from ice all the year round, is the primary need of Russia in the Pacific, without which she can never be, as she evidently intends to be, the commanding naval power in those waters. Now the northernmost of the main islands of Japan, Yezo, has excellent harbours, and, though always an integral part of the Empire, Yezo is politically, at all events, an outlying portion, only partially settled by Japanese immigrants; popularly and officially it is called a colony. We do not suppose for a moment that Russian statesmen have ever contemplated the deliberate appropriation of Hakodaté or any other harbour in Yezo or out of it. But it is certainly significant that that spot, and the northern island generally, separated by a narrow strait only from the now undisputed Russian territory of Saghalin, has for many years past been the scene of the most active propaganda of the Orthodox Church. Enormous sums have been spent in this pious work, and the converts are reckoned by thousands. Missionaries of the Greek Church in those parts are not left to their own unaided efforts, but have the direct official support of the representatives of the Russian Government in Japan. Their headquarters in the capital, whence the work in Yezo is directed, have been constituted, by the cleverness of a former Russian envoy, an outlying part of the Legation, and enjoy all immunities and privileges accordingly. It seems a remote stake to manoeuvre for; but we know Russian diplomacy to be prescient and patient, and perhaps it did not seem so remote when the earliest moves were made; yet it cannot be doubted that, if the opportunity should ever arise, it would greatly facilitate the achievement of a sudden *coup* to be able to reckon upon the good-will of a few thousand intelligent natives on the spot. Meanwhile, as Russia is steadily pushing her coast-line on the mainland further and further south into the neighbourhood of some very useful harbours on the outlying confines of Korea, well away from the lines and centres of trade in which England and other Powers are interested, it is not improbable that the coveted acquisition may be made before very long in that direction, and the evangelization of Yezo be left to the missionary zeal of other Churches. And as, besides Russia, there is no Western Power likely to come into collision with Japan—the action of the French Republic being, of course, for the present omitted from calculation in all parts of the world—there is fair ground for hoping that the country may be left free to work out its destiny in peace.

But even amidst the blessings of peace, there are yet obstacles to Japan's development arising from causes external to herself. Though war with a Western State may be out of the question, there is between Japan and the European Powers collectively a perpetual diplomatic struggle. When the country was opened thirty years ago treaties were made on the bases common to the relations of Europe with Oriental States. The main features of these, by which all the treaty Powers are practically placed on the same footing, are the control by the treaty-imposing Power of the tariff of the Oriental State, and the exemption of foreign subjects, under the system known by the name of *ex-territoriality*, from the jurisdiction of native judges and magistrates. Such arrangements, not only useful but necessary at the outset of foreign intercourse, and, in Mahomedan and some other countries always, are at the present day neither necessary nor useful in Japan. The conditions are widely different; religious intolerance is unknown, and race antipathy,

always confined to the official classes, has given place, among them too, to an earnest desire to cultivate the most friendly relations with the people and Governments of foreign nations. Of the two points at which the existing treaty relations press heavily upon the administration of government in Japan, the inability of an exchequer, sadly deficient in specie returns, to collect an adequate customs revenue, by reason of a tariff arbitrarily fixed by those who had the power to impose their will, is a real and very obvious grievance. The other great trouble is found in the restrictions placed upon the exercise by the Government of control over the ports and places set apart for foreign residence, whereby not only foreigners themselves, but frequently also Japanese subjects in their employment, and others, are placed beyond the reach of police measures, and often of law in any shape whatever. The abuses arising from this cause are manifold and serious, as may well be supposed, though they would have been less had the practice of foreign officials followed even the lines of restriction warranted by the treaties themselves; but this has not been the case. The chief practical difficulty lies in this—that, foreign offenders being justiciable in their own and not in the territorial courts, its own legislation is for each nationality the sole criterion of an offence. As regards the majority of offences—probably all the class of offences against individuals—our own law is sufficient. But in the case of offences against the State, and against local, police, and municipal regulations, our own law has necessarily no application in Japan; and as our officials dispute the application to foreign residents of Japanese law of any kind, or for any purpose, there is a large class of cases, and those of the kind causing most hindrance to municipal administration, wherein foreign residents are thus amenable to no law whatever. One or two of the foreign Ministers, our own included, have a limited power of legislating *ad hoc* in special cases for the governance of their nationals. But this power, or the method of its exercise, has in effect tended only further to confuse the chaotic anarchy existing amidst the conflict of some sixteen or seventeen different jurisdictions. The present condition can be described only as one of deadlock.

But to all their efforts to obtain some amelioration of this state of things the Japanese Government have hitherto received no response but an unargumentative *non possumus*. In the matter of the tariff we have now the authority of the Queen's Speech for believing that some modification of it may be expected to result from the diplomatic conference on the whole subject of Treaty Revision held in Tokio in the spring of 1882. But on the difficult question of jurisdiction there seems less chance of agreement. The fact is, no solution can work that recognizes the continuance of the separate jurisdictions. The laws of Japan and the administration of justice, remodelled on the lines of Western jurisprudence, may soon be safely allowed to supersede the old troublesome and expensive anomalies of *ex-territorial* jurisdiction. Formerly it was Japan who refused to open her territory freely to all comers. To-day she offers to open the whole country to foreign residence, trade, and commerce, upon precisely the same terms as one European country is open to the subjects of another—nay more, her Government is prepared for a time to give special guarantees, ensuring the satisfactory fulfilment of its own obligations towards all dependent on its protection. Our own Government and others hesitate to accept the offer—partly on account of anticipated difficulties in the case of a similar proposal being made by China, a case widely distinguishable, but equally perhaps in deference to those who represent the shortsighted views prevalent among the existing communities in the open ports. Whether their interests would suffer or not—and we believe they would be the first gainers—it must not be forgotten that the interests of those small communities are by no means commensurate with those of the British commercial classes generally. Officials long resident abroad are apt to overlook this distinction; and their opinions therefore are not always to be so absolutely relied upon as it might at first sight appear they ought to be. That the complete opening of Japan to foreign enterprise and capital would be an unmixed advantage to us, and would lead to an enormous increase in the volume of our trade, now insignificant, with that country, cannot admit of question. It lies with our Foreign Office to make or mar the opportunity; where England leads the other Governments will follow. It will be a pity if local prejudices and shortsightedness are allowed, to the detriment of our own national interests, to retard indefinitely the progress and development of Japan.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS—MR. COWEN'S SONG RECITAL.

THE concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday began with the Overture "King David," by Sir George Macfarren. It was performed for the first time at these concerts. This work is too well known to demand detailed criticism; it is only necessary to say here that this hearing quite confirmed the opinion that it is a work not only of a scholarly technical musician, but of one having a true gift of melody. Perhaps the most important point in the concert was the first appearance at the Crystal Palace of Miss Emily Shinner, a very young violinist, who, we may at once say, made her mark before a highly critical audience. She first played Spohr's Concerto in E Minor, No. 7, for violin and orchestra, and at once it was evident that she was an artist of great promise and something more than promise. When her first

nervousness had worn off, she displayed great sensibility, a broad, decided, and always artist-like method of phrasing, and in the contrasts afforded by the three movements great flexibility of style. Later in the afternoon she played a Saraband and Tambourine by Leclair, and, with Miss Agnes Miller at the piano, Nos. 1 and 2 of the first set of Hungarian dances of Brahms. Throughout this varied music, much of which is written for purposes of display, whilst showing the most excellent technique, both in manipulation and intonation, her first thought was always for the music. In addition to these merits, she throughout her performance displayed a grip and power such as is rarely heard except in an artist who has had experience as a *chef d'attaque*. There can be but little doubt that, if Miss Shinner continues to work in the future as earnestly as she has obviously worked in the past, she has a fine career before her. The Symphony No. 7, in E, of Schubert, completed by John Francis Barnett, was also performed. Here, as in the orchestral parts of the Concerto, we found a marvellous improvement in the band, which has now well reached the high standard which Mr. Manns has set before us in past seasons.

The only absolute novelties were three movements out of four of the "Scènes Poétiques" of B. Godard, a very pleasing and tuneful trifle. Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was the vocalist, sang "Oh, wondrous beauty past compare," from *The Magic Flute* of Mozart, and "Soft airs around me play," from *Euryanthe*, Weber, and sang them so well, and with such strong dramatic feeling, that it was impossible to avoid regretting that Mr. Lloyd is only to be heard in the concert-room, and never on the stage. The whole programme seemed to be arranged to give rest to the audience in what is about the middle of the second half of the season, all the numbers, apparently, having been chosen for their suave melodic beauty.

Following the example now becoming general among artists, Mr. F. H. Cowen gave a Song Recital at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday comprised entirely of his own compositions. Mr. Cowen's songs are better known to musicians and to the more fastidious lovers of music than to the public who like their songs to be sweet things and easy; the greater number of his songs appeal with more force to the refined and cultured ear than to the general, while the accompaniments of many of them demand something more than average intelligence and execution. Most of the twelve new songs introduced on the present occasion are thoroughly worthy of Mr. Cowen's reputation. In the "Sunlight and Shadow" series is a quaint and beautiful melody, "Sweetest eyes were ever seen," admirably sung by Miss Mary Davies; "My love is late," also sung by Miss Davies; and "There's none like thee," rendered with inimitable passion by Mr. Santley. "The Snowstorm," a descriptive song in the same album, and dramatically rendered by Mme. Antoinette Stirling, is inferior to these. In a second series of "Six New Songs," however, are three equal to anything Mr. Cowen has composed. No. 2, "A Lullaby," and No. 4, "Because," both given with excellent effect by Miss Edith Santley, possess the beauty of form, the passionate exaltation, the simple direct force, common to the best among old English songs. The languor and grace of the lullaby, the suavity and glowing ardour of the lovely melody in the No. 4, are eloquent with genuine inspiration. The last-named song fully realizes the poetic ideal—"perfect music unto noble words." No. 5, "Fantasia," sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot, is full of distinction, antique in character, and piquant in effect. Miss De Fonblanque sang with finished art and delicate expression several favourite songs, the touching and tender "Better Far," "Alas," and "I think of all thou art to me."

SIGNOR SALVINI.

THERE can be no doubt that Signor Salvini's reputation as an actor has been greatly lowered by the performances he has lately given at Covent Garden. He has been seen in three new parts during the present visit, and each has done something towards destroying his claim to be regarded as an actor of the first rank. With Signor Salvini's *Lear* we have already dealt. It was at best poor; but his *Macbeth* is poorer still, and more disappointing because in all externals, and more especially in his resonant voice, an ideal *Macbeth* is presented. The Italian player has brutalized the character of Othello and misunderstood the character of Hamlet—nothing further removed from the Hamlet of Shakspeare than Signor Salvini in his conduct of the wager with Laertes can easily be imagined. It is not surprising that *Hamlet* is not announced for representation during the present visit. His study of what he conceives to be the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare is merely a crude and clumsy outline. It is a part magnificently rich in suggestion. Few responsible actors have played *Macbeth* without throwing at least one or two fresh gleams of light upon the poet's creation; but Signor Salvini never passes beyond the merest commonplace. His remarks on the tragedy, in his lately published essays on Shakspearian characters, show no insight into what he says "is rightly considered the masterpiece of the great English poet"; and, masterpiece as he declares it to be, there is one thing in *Macbeth* which seemed to him "a matter of surprise." This is "that the sleep-walking scene was assigned to Lady *Macbeth* rather than to *Macbeth* himself." This naïve observation from a representative of *Macbeth* may perhaps tend to show how it is that the performance of the part falls so lamentably short. He obviously fails to understand how all-important is the share which Lady *Macbeth* has in the

dread events at Inverness. The speech beginning, "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor," may well be recommended to Signor Salvini's attention, as also a later utterance of *Macbeth* himself:—

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast so soon aside.

So *Macbeth* speaks; and his "Prythee, peace," to his wife's bitterly contemptuous answer might serve to convince Signor Salvini, if he would study the tragedy as a whole, that Lady *Macbeth* is the moving spirit of the work, and that in showing how her mind became unhinged as she vehemently pursued her desperate enterprise, Shakspeare was following to the end one of his most terribly truthful pictures of evil life. One can hardly write with patience of Signor Salvini's primly satirical little suggestion that, "Had the part been written in our time, the presumption would be"—the scene having been originally composed for *Macbeth*—"that the change was made at the caprice of some charming actresses who did not find the part assigned to her sufficiently important." It is, perhaps, not worth while to inquire what end, in Signor Salvini's opinion, should have come to the character of Lady *Macbeth*. She it was who feared her husband's nature as being "too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way." She it is who says,

He thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round.

She is primarily guilty. No actor can rightly understand the character of *Macbeth* without rightly understanding the character of Lady *Macbeth*. Her "undaunted mettle" carries all before it when she has decided on the first horrible crime, and it revives when, at the supper where Banquo's ghost appears, *Macbeth* is terror-stricken; but (in a passage omitted from the Italian translation) it is seen that before this remorse has begun to overtake Lady *Macbeth*. When left to herself, crowned Queen, what are her words?—

Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

This is her state of mind, nor can it be supposed that the fit is strange to her. When her courage comes again she bids her husband "Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night," and he replies, "So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you." She is not always thus. The "undaunted mettle" has become feebler; it is he who must now strengthen and inspirit her, weakened by dwelling on desire got without content. She can no longer bear the apprehension of new crimes:—

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed.

Macbeth says, when he has dimly spoken of Banquo's approaching murder, and she has asked "What's to be done?" Thus the way is paved for the wonderful scene in which Lady *Macbeth*'s mental agony is laid bare—a scene without which, as demonstrating how retribution overwhelms the head and front of *Macbeth*'s offending, the tragedy would be incomplete. Conscience will not be stifled. *Se jūdice nemo nocens absolvitur*. In face of Shakspeare's working out of inexorable fate, Signor Salvini's supposition that the sleep-walking scene was transferred for the sake of some pretty actress whose part was not long enough to please her, surely tends conclusively to prove that the Italian actor is totally in the dark with regard to Shakspeare's *Macbeth*.

The art of soliloquy is altogether beyond Signor Salvini. He recites, with what is intended to be appropriate action. In the Dagger soliloquy, for example, the passage occurs—

O che ludibrio
Son gli occhi miei degli altri sensi—

and, with a view to emphasizing the line, when he speaks of his eyes, he rubs them. How ludicrously prosaic this appears need not be said. Worse still, if possible, is the delivery of the line "E quell' Amen restommi entro la strozza." Here he absolutely rehearses to the wife the futile efforts he made to pronounce the "Amen." That after he has staggered up the steps to the door of his chamber to wash the blood from his hands he should return and bow in answer to the applause is neither more nor less than might have been expected from such a *Macbeth*. The absurdity of causing Banquo's ghost to hide under the table, hidden by the cloth, and affably to retire under the table again to make room for *Macbeth*, has been commented on. The omission of the lines, spoken by the Witch, which say that *Macbeth* "stands amazedly" after seeing the apparitions of future Scottish kings, whereas Signor Salvini is pleased to make his *Macbeth* faint and fall on the ground, has also been properly criticized. *Macbeth* was enraged at what the filthy hags showed him to "grieve his heart," but he was a man not given to fainting, and besides he had derived much comfort from the Apparitions.

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*.

This is what the Second Apparition had said, and the Third was also rich in "sweet bodements." Why, then, should *Macbeth* faint? There is no warrant for it, and as a stage trick it is poor, as *Macbeth* has to recover himself immediately and rise to call Lennox in. In the fifth act, the scenes of which are oddly jumbled up, Signor Salvini is wholly inadequate. There is

not one single note of pathos in those infinitely pathetic speeches. "I have lived long enough," and "She should have died hereafter." There is not even what was to have been looked for from Signor Salvini, fierceness and terror in his wrath. Power, passion, pathos are alike wholly absent. To sum up. In the first act Signor Salvini, by his figure and bearing as well as by his delivery of the first lines—but only as a question of vocal effect—makes a highly favourable impression. From that point to the end of the tragedy he steadily strengthens the conviction that he is utterly incompetent to interpret the character of Macbeth. Injustice has been done to the support which Signor Salvini receives. The representation is felt to be unsatisfactory, and some writers have been far too prone to assume that the fault lies with the rank and file, or rather with the field officers of the general. It is not so. Signor Udina's Macduff, noisy and restless as it was, came certainly as near to Shakespeare as did the Macbeth of the leading player; and in the sleep-walking scene Signora T. Piamonti played with extraordinary force. There was something almost painfully intense in the deep breathing of the sleeping woman, of the woman who in fact was dying, as she stealthily strove to cleanse her hands; and the fixed glazed eyes were completely in keeping. The effect of an admirably played scene was of course utterly destroyed when the lady smilingly reappeared to acknowledge the applause she had well deserved. The stage management generally is disgraceful, and the fight between the opposing armies is a survival of Richardson's show.

Giacometti's play *La Morte Civile* was given last week, and announced for repetition, but the announcement has been withdrawn—a significant occurrence. In the Salvini pamphlet, which unhappily experience has taught readers to distrust, comment is made on the "eloquent appreciation" this drama has received, and one French gentleman, who left the theatre "literally exhausted with emotion," found Signor Salvini "simply sublime." An exhausted critic is not, perhaps, to be implicitly depended upon; at any rate we wish the criticism did not so irresistibly suggest the lines of Ariosto:—

Se non voléa pufir sua scusa tanto,
Che la faccesse di menzogna rea.

A duller play than *La Morte Civile* has rarely been written in three acts; and this is in five. The gloom is unrelieved. It is a story of an escaped convict, Conrado, who finds his wife and daughter, after an absence of fourteen years, domiciled with a Dr. Palmieri, who has assumed the paternity of the child, and desires to marry the child's mother. Conrado's return is a most unwelcome episode, and having grasped this unpleasant truth, Conrado dies, whether of poison or not the spectator is not informed. The husband's sin would be reckoned a venial one among the hot-blooded Southerners—the scene is laid in Calabria. He has been sorely persecuted by his wife's family; they have sought to take her from him, and he has killed her brother. There might well be some dignity about the husband who has avenged what he held to be a cruel wrong; but the Conrado of Signor Salvini is a feeble, lachrymose creature, who, so far from being pathetic, is at times actually grotesque. When a great actor has been on the stage one can rarely tell what he has worn; but the baggy suit of velveteen which Signor Salvini wears in the play is felt to be worse than unsightly. The attenuated plot drags its slow length along. Some of the speeches are of preposterous length. Something very touching might be made out of the character of the man who eagerly longs for his home, returns unexpectedly to it, and finds that he is an incumbrance; but Signor Salvini only succeeds in being very wearisome and monotonous. Here his voice and physique tell for nothing, and his admitted knowledge of stage resource finds no opportunity of application, at least until the death, which is elaborately treated till the final moment, when Conrado, the victim of some vague disease, suddenly doubles forward and falls from the chair in which he is sitting, head first to the ground. Signor V. Udina gave such support as was possible in the part of Palmieri. The adaptation of *La Morte Civile*, played a few years back at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, was more effective than the original—perhaps, for one reason, because it was shorter—and the general representation, including the performance of the principal character by Mr. Coghlan, was much superior on the English stage.

DAN'L DRUCE.

THE revival of *Dan'l Druce* at the Court last week was interesting in many ways. There was the natural curiosity of the public to witness Miss Fortescue's return to the stage, and her assumption of a part so entirely different from her former experience, and there was the opportunity of seeing Mr. Hermann Vezin resume one of his most striking characters. The part of Dorothy Druce, although not remarkably exacting, demands great self-restraint and repose of style. Its importance is due rather to its being the one female character in the play than to any strong individuality. Dorothy Druce has been educated according to the strictest Puritan code; her emotions have been governed, her passions chastened, by the continual exercise of repression, and when she attains womanhood her placidity of temper and habitual decorum are the natural fruit of this training. This conception is realized by Miss Fortescue with thorough consistency and nature. In the second act, when Geoffrey Wynyard tells his love, the struggle between her affection and that self-control which with her has the force of religious principle is admirably portrayed. There is no

touch of excess in her emotion, no distemperance, no warmth; it is suffered only momentarily to thaw her maidenly reserve. When her lover forecasts the future and pictures a hypothetical case with the design of testing her affection, her love and awakened jealousy are charmingly indicated without ever imperilling the integrity of her nature; her pure serenity is ruffled, but the depths are unstirred. This reticence of passion, so excellent in the scene with her lover, is a little misplaced in the last act, where the heartbroken Dan'l Druce leaves her to the care of Sir Jasper Combe. Here Miss Fortescue is a little cold and constrained, and fails to exhibit the perplexity of conflicting duties and the poignancy of grief; the situation is not grasped, and her failure to realize its significance is not accounted for by any expression of bewilderment or anguish. It would, however, be mere cynicism to ascribe the applause that greeted the actress at the close of the drama wholly to the impulsive generosity of the public. However Miss Fortescue's promotion may have been accelerated by recent events, her impersonation of Dorothy Druce must be allowed to be excellent in many respects. Hers is not a case of "greatness thrust"; thus to designate her sudden advancement is to discount in some measure her performance in the present instance and to detract from its promise for the future.

Mr. Hermann Vezin's powerful rendering of Dan'l Druce is endowed with all its old forgotten excellences. In pathos his range of expression is finely displayed in two well-contrasted situations. When the blacksmith surprises the lovers and listens to Dorothy's hesitating explanation, the solemn tone of his ejaculations "Well?" and "Go on" reveals his sense of approaching misery with masterly effect; the voice is eloquent with apprehension, and the slight words are burdened with anguish. Again, when he tears himself from Dorothy, the cry that bursts from his lips is like the ultimate expression of his long-pent agony, startling the ear with its appalling intensity. The Sir Jasper Combe of Mr. John Clayton is distinguished by force and dignity. In the last act the gradual awakening to the terrible truth, his horror on being confronted with the past, his overwhelming passion of remorse are very forcibly depicted, while his farewell words are delivered with an affecting and profound fervour. The humours of Mr. Mackintosh as Reuben Haines, the Royalist sergeant, are quaint and entertaining; but he plays too much in the spirit of Touchstone. The character is of the fantastic species Mr. Gilbert delights in—a little unreal, and not helpful in establishing an historical ensemble. Mr. Charles Hawtrey plays the sailor, Geoffrey Wynyard, in a spiritless manner, and with a strange lack of spontaneity and freshness.

Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil appear in a lively little piece by Mr. G. W. Godfrey called *My Milliner's Bill*, which is animated by the frolicsome spirit of burlesque. The burlesque element consists in a playful suggestion of Miss Mary Anderson's *Comedy and Tragedy* and Mrs. John Wood's racy song, "His heart was true to Poll." The piece is played with the utmost vivacity, and receives the fullest interpretation. Mrs. John Wood's singing and Mr. Arthur Cecil's impersonation of a bailiff elicit unbounded applause. *My Milliner's Bill* inculcates a timely lesson, and, as Dryden said of one of his most censured plays, "the moral is excellent, if well considered."

RECITALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S fifth recital at the Steinway Hall last Saturday fully sustained our former impressions. On this occasion Mr. Harrison's rendering of Macaulay's *Virginia* was not only a fine piece of declamation, excellent in elocution and propriety of action; it exhibited those higher qualities of spiritual interpretation to which we have before referred, the subtle and delicate touches which afford fresh insight into the poet's work and extend the horizon of comprehension. The spirited address of Virginius to the people was delivered with impassioned force, and the pathos of his farewell to Virginia was natural and eloquent; the chief excellence of the recitation, however, lies in the comprehensive skill with which the whole scene is portrayed. With true dramatic feeling Macaulay imagines the reciter of the ballad to have been an eye-witness of what he describes; Mr. Harrison emphasizes this with great effect, and successfully preserves the illusion. The sacrifice, the craven face of Appius, the surging mob, the hustled lictors, and all the circumstances of the terrible drama are powerfully presented. Among other items of a varied programme Longfellow's *King Robert of Sicily* and a reading from *Vanity Fair* deserve commendation. The poem was interpreted with admirable discrimination; the fury of the dethroned monarch, his bitter penance, the tender and lofty sentiment of his repentance and victory, were rendered with great mastery of expression.

At the Piccadilly Hall the first of a series of recitals by Mr. G. A. Lubimoff, a Russian actor, was given last Saturday. The entertainment is varied by music; the vocalists being Mme. Hesketh, Miss Delforce, and Mr. Sinclair Dunn. Mr. Lubimoff's powers were displayed to greater advantage in his French and Italian recitations than in English; his rendering of *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, though very vigorous and not without merit, was exaggerated and uneven. His recital of M. Coppée's *La Grève des Forgerons* displayed considerable elocutionary skill and genuine dramatic gifts; the appeal of the prisoner to the judge was given with concentrated force and feeling.

THE PROBABLE SURPLUS.

NOW that we have before us the returns of revenue and expenditure for the first forty-nine weeks of the current financial year, we are in a position to make an approximately correct forecast of the statement which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be able to lay before Parliament next month. It seems clear that the results he will have to announce will be highly satisfactory. Mr. Childers, in fact, took care last April to secure a surplus. It was evident to all competent judges that, unless there occurred some extremely untoward accident to put out all calculations, he had very greatly under-estimated the revenue. The opinion to that effect expressed by ourselves and others is already justified by the event. Up to Saturday night last the actual receipts amounted to 81,936,199*l.* To realize Mr. Childers's estimate there remained to be received only 4,613,000*l.*, while there were still three weeks and a day to be accounted for. During the ten weeks of the current calendar year then elapsed the receipts had averaged 2,157,000*l.* per week; and if this rate is maintained for the three weeks and a day still to be accounted for, there will be received up to the end of March an additional sum of 6,831,000*l.*, raising the total for the year to a little over 88½ millions. This would give an excess over Mr. Childers's estimate of not far short of 2½ millions. Last week, it is true, the amount got in was considerably less than the average for the ten weeks. But even at last week's rate the receipts for the year would exceed Mr. Childers's estimate by 1,645,000*l.* The rate of a single week, however, cannot be taken as a basis of calculation, for necessarily there are fluctuations from week to week. On the other hand, there seems no reason why the average kept up since New Year's Day should not be maintained for the remaining three weeks. In any case it may safely be assumed, we think, that Mr. Childers's estimate will be exceeded by nearly, if not quite, two millions. Turning now to the expenditure, we find that up to Saturday night last it amounted to no more than 77,395,529*l.* When introducing the Budget in April last, Mr. Childers estimated the expenditure at a little over 85½ millions. But the cost of the Soudan Expedition and other supplementary estimates have raised the total estimate of expenditure to nearly 87 millions. If we were to assume that this latter estimate would be realized, there would still remain over 9½ millions to be laid out. It is, however, improbable that the total estimate will be reached. Every year there are supplementary estimates; but it is found that, as a rule, savings in one or another direction counterbalance these supplementary estimates. It is not to be anticipated that the savings will counterbalance the expense of the Soudan Expedition. But the other supplementary estimates may reasonably be left out of account. If the Vote of Credit for the Soudan Expedition is not exceeded, the expenditure would be roughly about 86,300,000*l.*; while, as already pointed out, the receipts will probably not fall much short of 88½ millions, perhaps may be more. Even if the rate of collection is not as high during the three weeks still to be accounted for as during the past ten weeks, we may still reasonably expect an actual surplus of nearly two millions at the end of the year, always assuming, of course, that the expenditure on the Soudan Expedition is not greatly swelled and that no other large outlay is incurred. And it seems hardly possible that in two or three weeks that expenditure can be so much increased as seriously to affect the surplus. Apparently, therefore, we may conclude that the surplus can hardly be less than 1½ million, and may reach 2½ millions, the most probable amount being between those extremes.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Mr. Childers took effectual measures for securing a handsome surplus, and a brief examination of details will make this plainer, as it will show that he did not remit as much taxation as he might have done last April, and that he concealed the fact by under-estimating his income. In fairness to him it must be borne in mind that he was new to his office, and that, if he were to err, it was better to err by over-caution. It may be, too, that even then he was contemplating a large operation, for whose success a handsome surplus was necessary. However this may be, he certainly under-estimated. For example, he estimated that the miscellaneous revenues would fall off, compared with last year, as much as 880,000*l.* This revenue last year, it is true, was exceptionally productive, but still to the well informed it appeared incredible that there could be so sudden and large a falling off. As, however, that revenue is made up of a great number of items, it was impossible to effectually challenge his estimate. It turns out now that within three weeks of the end of the financial year the total decrease in the miscellaneous revenue amounts to no more than 438,000*l.*, barely half what Mr. Childers estimated it would be last April. Of course there may yet be the diminution anticipated, but it seems unlikely. Again, Mr. Childers estimated that there would be a falling off in the Post Office and Telegraph revenues of 170,000*l.* As an actual fact, there is so far an increase of 351,000*l.* Lastly, he estimated that the reduction of the Income-tax by three-halfpence in the pound would cause a loss to the Exchequer of 2,155,000*l.*; but so far the loss has not exceeded 214,000*l.* It is only fair to admit that this latter result has surprised all observers. Neither the Chancellor of the Exchequer nor anybody else could have anticipated that the yield of a 5*d.* Income-tax would so nearly equal that of a 6½*d.* tax. That he over-estimated the probable falling off was clear enough; but that the productiveness of the tax should have been so well maintained is certainly surprising. It is to be

expected, indeed, that there will be a large falling off in the three weeks yet to be accounted for; but it is not likely to reach Mr. Childers's estimate. This seems to prove that the condition of trade is very much better than it would be supposed to be from the loud complaints we hear from people in business. It may be, no doubt, that the taxpayers give more conscientious returns of their incomes when the tax is low than when it is high; but a reduction of three-halfpence in the pound cannot make so great a difference as the figures cited prove. Here and there needy persons may be induced to understate their incomes when an addition is made to the tax; but the general bulk of the taxpayers would hardly so greatly understate their incomes on account of so small an increase as would be necessary were that the cause of the phenomenon. The real explanation must be that the country is far more prosperous than it is the fashion just now to admit. Income-tax payers generally would not go on paying the tax on large incomes unless those large incomes were received. And large incomes could not be received if agriculture and trade were so depressed as they are represented to be. That trade is better than it is alleged to be seems also to be proved by the Customs and Excise duties. Up to Saturday night last Customs show a falling off of 60,000*l.*, while Excise show an increase of 62,000*l.*; so that the two together give an increase of 2,000*l.* compared with the corresponding period of last year. Stamps also give satisfactory results. The reduction of the railway-passenger duty was estimated by Mr. Childers to cause a loss to the Exchequer of 135,000*l.*; and, up to Saturday night last, the loss has been 158,000*l.*—somewhat larger than the estimate. No small part of the stamp revenue, however, is received from Stock Exchange transactions; and, as we all know, speculation on the Stock Exchange has collapsed during the past twelve months. Since, then, speculation has not kept up this special revenue, the *bona fide* business of the country must have been fully maintained. Thus we receive additional proof of the sound condition of the country.

As only one of the estimates for the coming year have yet been issued, it is impossible to foresee whether there will be much increase of expenditure. If, however, we may judge from the Army Estimates which have been published, the increase will not be large. And, as it may be assumed that next year there will be the normal increase in the revenue from the growth of population and wealth, it is probable that the surplus to be disposed of will not be far short of two millions; though this amount, of course, depends, firstly, upon the course of events in the Soudan; and, secondly, upon the policy pursued by Her Majesty's Government in Egypt. If the operations in the Soudan should be protracted, and should assume larger proportions than are now contemplated, the expenditure might be considerably increased. So again, if Mr. Gladstone should relieve the pressure upon the Egyptian finances by imposing upon this country the charge for the army of occupation, there would be another augmentation of our expenditure. Lastly, it is possible expenditure may be incurred in other directions. But, if the operations in the Soudan are speedily brought to an end, and if the cost of the army of occupation continues to be defrayed by Egypt, Mr. Childers will have a surplus of at least one million and a half to dispose of. This would enable him to reduce the Income-tax by a penny. But it is doubtful whether that would be the best course to adopt. We have already entered into a provisional arrangement with Spain, pledging ourselves to a reduction of the wine duty; and whether that arrangement is carried out or not, the demand for a modification of the wine duties is urged strongly on the Government by our own wine-producing colonies, and by all the foreign wine-producing countries. It is possible, therefore, that Mr. Childers may decide upon a considerable reduction of the wine duties. If so, he may deem it expedient to deal also with the spirit duties, and thus to effect a considerable reform in our system of taxation generally. Should he do so, he may perhaps decide upon carrying further the changes begun by Sir Stafford Northcote and continued by Mr. Gladstone, in respect to the probate duties. All this would involve a change of great magnitude, and would render it desirable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should have at his disposal a considerable surplus. Whether the surplus now in view would be large enough for the undertaking depends, of course, upon the extent of the changes to be made, and upon whether Mr. Childers sees his way to making up in some directions for the loss that would be incurred in others. But Mr. Childers may decide upon leaving these financial reforms over for another year, and may at once attempt in a tentative way a reduction of the interest upon the National Debt. The price of the new Two and a Half per Cents. is now about 6 per cent. higher than that of Consols in proportion to the interest yielded by both. The public, therefore, is evidently prepared for an early reduction of the interest on the debt; and Mr. Childers may think it desirable to anticipate a compulsory reduction by proposing a scheme of voluntary conversion. It may be said that the price of Consols is not yet high enough to encourage such a measure; but, if the conversion were left optional, no harm could be done; while the Government would be afforded a means of feeling the pulse of the market for the public funds. It is, for many reasons, desirable that the amount of Two and a Half per Cents. in the hands of the public should be increased. Dealers on the Stock Exchange never like to enter into transactions in a stock of very small amount, in which they cannot be sure of always being able to buy or sell when necessary. The larger, therefore, the new stock is made, the freer will be the market in it, and the more easy, therefore,

will it be for the Government by and by to carry out its conversion of Consols. That the conversion must come in the course of a very few years is inevitable, provided we are not involved in a great war. And since this is so, it seems desirable that the way should be made smooth for the great operation that is coming.

REVIEWS.

THE NEW BOSWELL.*

GREAT books sometimes undergo strange fates at the hands of editors and improvers. Not more than half-a-dozen years ago, a misguided enthusiast, with the countenance of one of our most distinguished literary critics, set himself to shear away the redundancies of garrulous James Boswell of Auchinleck, to dock his parts of speech, and to compress his portly proportions within the compass of a measurable volume. The result, it is consolatory to reflect, was not successful, at all events with the critics. Compilations of this kind, however adroitly manipulated, are the Compressed Extract of literature. Certificates from the highest authorities may assure us that they are nourishing; but we can never quite persuade ourselves that they are palatable. Their native flavour seems gone; and, in its place, is a something that we vaguely associate with the commercial odours of the warehouse or manufactory. But in this maltreatment of masterpieces there are other evils besides compression—there is expansion; and to this, too, Boswell, in what has long passed for his best edition, has likewise been subjected. The late John Wilson Croker, for example, dealt with his author's work in the most conquering and arbitrary manner. Into the body of the book, as he received it from Malone and Chalmers—the former of whom had many sterling editorial recommendations—he foisted the entire "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," which had been published in separate form; inserted letters here and there; made text into notes and notes into text; and, as a rule, altered and omitted as it seemed good in his eyes. Of some of these curious vagaries he appears to have tardily repented; for, in his second edition, he withdrew from the text all the extracts from other works which he had before incorporated with it; and there is, therefore, no necessity at present, as Boswell's latest editor puts it in fine old crusted eighteenth-century phrase, for "castigating the mosaic" of his first misdeeds. His penitence, however, was only partial. The Scotch Tour and the Welsh Tour were still left to dislocate the narrative; some letters not included in the original were retained; and, under Mr. Croker's direction (for Mr. Wright superintended this issue of 1835), another unjustifiable alteration was made—the book, which had been continuous, was broken up into chapters. There are some organizations, we believe, which, upon division and subdivision, become separate individualities. But this is not true of books; and it is obviously impossible, without endangering its completeness, to cut up into chapters any book which has not originally been composed in that way. These were Mr. Croker's errors. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that he had many special qualifications for his task. His knowledge of men and letters was most extensive; his learning was respectable; and his curiosity unbounded. His defects were that his bias occupied him too exclusively in the discussion of petty problems; that his prejudices were strong and often warped his judgment; and that, as an annotator pure and simple, he lacked the most essential of all qualities—the quality of continence. Yet these were trifling drawbacks compared with his treatment of Boswell's text; and it is not impossible that his labours would still continue to constitute the canonical edition of *Johnson's Life* were it not that the modern spirit demands inexorably that a classic writer shall be reproduced "in his habit as he lived," and shall not be sophisticated to suit the caprice of an editor or the fugitive fashion of as fugitive a taste.

The Rev. Alexander Napier, who is answerable for the new edition of Boswell just issued by Messrs. Bell, appears to have regarded his responsibilities in a more modest, and certainly a more practical, light than Mr. Croker did. He presents us with Boswell's text in its primitive integrity; he has substituted for the existing chapters the unbroken narrative of Boswell and Malone; he has relegated to his fourth volume the Tours in Wales and Scotland, and he has printed as appendices the interpolated letters. Many of Croker's purely execrable notes have been removed and others have been added. Most of these are useful, concise, and to the point, although here and there the purist may detect some minor lapses which a more vigilant "castigation" of the proofs should have made impossible. For instance, it is cruel to poor Mr. Trevelyan, with all his other troubles, to cast upon him the odium of having cited the motto of the Monks of Medmenham as "*Fays ce que vous voudras*"; and the late Mr. Forster, who was notoriously sensitive upon this point, would assuredly have "squirmed" to find himself described in page after page of an important edition of his favourite Boswell as "Foster." Blemishes such as these, as well as misprints like "Palmeron of England," and so forth, can, however, be easily set right. Besides new notes, Mr. Napier

has added in the form of supplement to his volumes discussions of several interesting Johnsonian *crucies*. In one he has embodied the autobiographical sketch of Johnson, published by Wright of Lichfield in 1805 with Miss Boothby's letters; in another he summarizes Dr. Birkbeck Hill's account of Johnson's residence at Oxford. An account of the famous "History of Prince Titi" forms the subject of a third; and those who have ever read the anecdote related by Scott and others of a certain *rencontre* in which the "great lexicographer" and the author of the *Wealth of Nations* are said to have assailed each other in the style and vocabulary of fishfags will be rejoiced to learn that, by the simple test of chronology, Mr. Napier has successfully laid this unsavoury scandal. Other appendices deal with Theophilus Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, with *Carleton's Memoirs*, with Mauritius Lowe's daughters, and other interesting questions. There is, of course, no finality in editing, and every thoroughly vital book, like Goldsmith's *Traveller*, "drags at each remove a lengthening chain" of illustration and comment; but until the next edition of Boswell makes its appearance, the reader who wishes to secure the latest researches on the subject will do well to procure Mr. Napier's handsome volumes.

But we must not quit them without speaking of that portion of them which, if proper regard be had both to the interests of novelty and the maxim of "place aux dames," should perhaps have come first in our survey, the collection of "Johnsoniana," edited, annotated, and prefaced by Mrs. Napier. She has wisely departed from the system of scrappy extract which has characterized former gatherings of this class, and gives us what she has found as completely as possible, taking no liberties with her original. Her volume (it is No. 5 in the series) leads off with what, after Boswell, must certainly take rank as the most valuable of the Johnsoniana, the "Anecdotes" of Mrs. Piozzi. That the whilom wife of the Tory member for Southwark was slighty, careless, and not over-scrupulous of speech, may be admitted, as also that her recollections were not recorded until long after date (they were, in fact, written and printed while she was in Italy); but she is thoroughly various, vivacious, and entertaining in the office which, like a true Della Cruscan, she describes in her preface as decorating Trajan's column with honeysuckle. Next to Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes" in importance comes Murphy's sketch, originally prefixed to his edition of the works, and a far better performance than his slipshod and discursive memoir of Fielding. It contains, besides, his fine translation of Johnson's Latin poem on completing the Dictionary—a "copy of verses" which really deserves preservation as a piece of uncompromising self-portraiture. Besides these there are Cumberland's and Hawkins's anecdotes, Tom Tyers's sketch from Sylvanus Urban, letters and notes by Mrs. (Miss) Hill Boothby, Mrs. Hannah More, Madame d'Arblay, Sir Joshua's sister (Miss Reynolds), and even a few gleanings from the pleasant Twining correspondence published last year under the title of *A Country Clergyman of the Last Century*. But the real accession which Mrs. Napier makes to the literature of the subject is contained in the curious diary of Dr. Thomas Campbell, discovered behind an old press in one of the offices of the Supreme Court at Sydney, New South Wales, and first published there in 1854. Fortunately, no doubt exists about its authenticity; and its strange hiding place is accounted for by the fact that one of its writer's nephews was Sheriff and Provost Marshal of Sydney. It is entitled "A Diary of a Visit to England in 1775"; and its author, concerning whom Mr. Napier, in vol. ii., gives us sufficient particulars, was in his day a man of some repute as a historian, and an editor of Goldsmith. He came to this country from Ireland in February, and his desultory chronicle should supply several opportune quotations to the new editor of the *Handbook of London*. He lodges at the Hummums and the Grecian; dines at Dolly's; buys prints at the auction (P Cock's) in the Piazza; attends service at the Foundling and Dr. Dodd's chapel; goes to see Garrick in "Lusignan," and Woodward in the *Suspicious Husband*; inspects Magna Charta in the British Museum, and admires the "true sublime" in Sir Joshua—in short, makes completely what, circa 1770, was the provincial's "grand tour" of the metropolis. He met Johnson on more than one occasion at the Thrales' and elsewhere, and had a good opportunity of hearing the sage on various themes, for an account of which we must refer the reader to Mrs. Napier's pages. His description of the great man (of which she does not approve) is certainly more graphic than complimentary:—

He has the aspect of an Idiot, without the faintest ray of sense gleaming from any one feature—with the most awkward garb, and unpowdered grey wig, on one side only of his head—he is for ever dancing the devil's jig, and sometimes he makes the most driving effort to whistle some thought in his absent paroxysms. He came up to me and took me by the hand, then sat down on a sofa, and mumbled that he had heard two papers had appeared against him in the course of this week—one of which was—that he was to go to Ireland next summer in order to abuse the hospitality of that place also. His awkwardness at table is just what Chesterfield described, and his roughness of manners kept pace with that. When Mrs. Thrale quoted something from Foster's "Sermons" he flew in a passion and said that Foster was a man of mean ability and of no original thinking. All which tho' I took to be most true, yet I hold it not meet to have it so set down.

Such is Dr. Campbell's picture—*verbatim et literatim*, after Mrs. Napier's commendable fashion. Our only regret is that she should have been so economical of her notes, which, in many instances, are far more wanted here than in the remaining volumes. As a case in point, a harmony of the different accounts by Boswell, Cumberland, and Mrs. Piozzi of the sale of the *Vicar of Wakefield* would

* *Boswell's Johnson*. A New Edition. With Notes and Appendices. By Alexander Napier, M.A. 5 vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

be a gain to literature. And is there not an error in her reprint of Dr. Barnard's kindly verses at p. 319?—

Thou who reverest odes Pindaric
A second time read o'er.

Surely the third word should be "reverset."

FIVE NOVELS.*

SURELY no five novels were ever gathered together that contained so little human interest as the five that lie before us, or so much bad French. From the latter defect, indeed, Mr. Charles Gibbon is free, and therefore he may be considered to have earned the right to be placed at the head of this list, which is rather like a certain "list" at Eton. It cannot be said that in other respects *Fancy Free* is in any way superior to the novels that come after it. The heroine, Davie Morison (Davie is an odd name for a woman) vindicates her claim to the title of *Fancy Free* by being more or less in love with two men at once; unless she was in love with neither, for it is not very easy to decide about the state of her heart. At any rate, she receives (and by no means rejects) a proposal of marriage in vol. i. p. 145 from a gentleman to whom she twice alludes by his surname of "Eglinton" (vol. i. p. 175 and vol. ii. p. 181), and thirty pages further on she listens with extraordinary calmness to a confession of love from her guardian. So strong is Davie's sense of humour that she thinks the first proposal a kind of joke, and listens to the second with "a sly twinkle." The interest of the book is meant to consist in the mystery hanging round a man named Davidson, who seeks a private interview with Davie, and informs her that he is her father, previously imagined to be long dead. It is plainly visible from the very beginning that he is nothing of the sort, therefore our excitement is but slightly roused in his unmasking. Thus the chief interest in the problem—is Davie, Davidson's daughter?—is discounted. There are several minor characters in the book, all more or less of a conventional type. There is a gentleman who owns a large property in Yorkshire, and is variously designated as "Bonsfield" (vol. i. pp. 6, 10), "Bousfield" through all the rest of the volume, and then "Bonsfield" again; there is a skittish widow from London, who drove over with Davie to church at Crathie, and was "highly excited by the pleasure of seeing royalty," and surprised to find the Queen seemed to be "like an ordinary woman." Many valuable details are given as to behaviour which is considered correct in Crathie Church, and concerning the manners of the preacher. "Her Majesty entered by the private staircase, and as much attention was shown in the eyes of the people to the Prince and Princess of Wales as to herself. The service proceeded without any distinct recognition of royalty being present." And not only did the preacher "proceed as calmly as if he had been preaching to an ordinary congregation," but "when the service was over the people quitted the church in quite as orderly a way as if no one of distinction had been present." Such self-control really hardly seems credible!

The remaining two short stories which fill the third volume are not on a higher level than *Fancy Free*. "One of his Inventions" reads as if it had been originally intended for a wild farce; for a mercenary man of business not merely allows himself to be tricked into a marriage for his daughter with a poor man whom he expects to inherit wealth, but he promptly falls on the neck of the plotter—his own father-in-law—who has taught him that "love was more than money." Mr. Nettleton must have advanced far on the road to perfection if he had learned to be grateful for being deceived in money affairs.

To Have and to Hold opens better. It starts with a shipwreck off the Goodwin Sands, and the launching of a lifeboat from Thanet to save the drowning passengers. Of course the hero is a volunteer in the lifeboat, and the heroine a passenger in the ship. There is plenty of vigour in the description of the rescue, though the reader feels injured that in such a sea absolutely no one should have been lost. All, however, are finally hauled on board, even down to the third seaman, "after his head is under water," and "his jaw has dropped"—a most unfortunate moment for a jaw to choose to do anything of the sort. Then begins the love story of Basil Chetwynd and Christina Winstone. Many obstacles are thrown in the way of their young affections. Letters are suppressed; hints of other attachments are thrown out; every possible weapon in the hands of parents and guardians employed. But love triumphs over all. Even in these days of liberty and excitement, Christina has a better time than most girls. The bare announcement of her dressmaker that she is a beauty and an heiress is sufficient to create a sensation in London society, and to make her a success. If only all dressmakers were equally powerful and considerate, what a charming thing life would become to the female sex! Her reputation once established, Christina is free to listen to the dictates of duty, which frequently oblige her to be scampering about over the

country and through City alleys during the night, and enable her to inspire with confidence all who behold her. In one of these excursions she becomes involved with a money-lender and his son, Davidson by name, whom her reprobate uncle has paid with a forged cheque. The Davidsons are suspected, and are prosecuted on behalf of the bank. From this point the story ceases to be clear. Miss Stredder proves herself no cleverer at dealing with a court of justice than most other lady novelists. The counsel is impossible, the evidence hazy; but matters come to a climax when one of the witnesses for the defence "hears for the first time during the cross-examination that the name of the man she witnessed against was Winstone—a name enshrined among her most sacred memories of happier days." A great deal has been said about the curiosity of women, but surely the indifference of men could go no further than this. Miss Stredder has many of the qualities of a good novelist. She can describe well what she knows—as, for instance, the storms off Thanet, winter on the Lincolnshire coast, and a girl like Christina Winstone; and if she would confine herself to what she knows, she might produce a really interesting book. But she is not at home (her state is the more gracious) in legal matters, or with usurers, lawyers, or forgers. In reading her account of them we feel as little reality as if we were studying a description of the vegetation of Saturn. "To preach that which we do know" is more valuable advice than is commonly supposed.

The modest reader will hurry over the first chapter of *The Roll-Call* with a sense of discomfort at the love-making, even though it takes place between a heroine "beautiful as the craze of a Pygmalion," and a hero who had "passed the freshness of *premier jeunesse*" (sic). So lovely, indeed, was Esmé Gordon that even the attractions of a lady who is always spoken of as *la belle*, or those of a widow who on one occasion at least "coolly extended the tips of her black eyelashes" by way of salutation could not outweigh her charms. *Côte qui coûte*, as our authoress says, following in the wake of many that have preceded her, Arthur Grentorix determines to marry his ward Esmé Gordon; but a hindrance unexpectedly arises in the person of a certain Alice, who orders Grentorix to go to Gibraltar on her business. Had he confessed the object of his journey to his betrothed, as he ought to have done, there would have been no mystery and no novel, and a great deal of trouble would have been saved all round; but the baleful influence of Alice was too much for Grentorix. In order that his weakness may not be hardly judged, we will give a specimen of the language of the lady. "Speaking more calmly than heretofore," she said, "with all the world against me; with deadly wrong in the place of right; with mourning where there should be rejoicing, and with misery where happiness should reign; with foes in the place of friends, and with treachery given back to me for truth; with my brain dizzy, my heart aching, and with my fair womanhood trampled in the dust; yet I protest that there lives not the human being who can deny my right to proceed to Gibraltar, if so I choose. You cannot gainsay me" (vol. i. p. 148). To his credit be it spoken, he does gainsay her, and departs to Gibraltar by himself. He appears both to write and to receive letters equally seldom, and only learns on his return to England that Esmé's uncle is dead. Esmé herself is pining away in his absence, and her home is broken up, owing to the unreasonable determination of her aunt, who refuses to allow the girl to remain and entertain Mr. Grentorix (when he comes) and Lord Oakdene "our prince" (vol. ii. p. 30), while the mistress of the house is away. Matters are of course soon set straight by Grentorix, who leads Esmé to the altar. Her dress is not described; but no doubt she was *bien ganté* and *bien chaussé* for the occasion, as her aunt was in vol. iii. p. 53 when she went to a rendezvous. After this the love-making sets in again with undiminished vigour, till a thunder-bolt falls on the peaceful household by the discovery by Esmé of a MS. named *The Roll-Call*. This tremendous document was written by the voluble Alice for the edification of Esmé's uncle, and contains the story of her life. Hence the name. Space forbids us to quote the whole, but we cannot refrain from giving a sentence or two. "With a thoughtlessness which, in its faulty degree, matched the entirety of a fearlessness such as that of those dauntless ones" (soldiers), "I stood before, and faced, the coming perils of my life." "Schoolgirls may chatter with impunity of their short-lived, innocent conquests; schoolboys may rave of their fleeting admiration for eyes black or blue, locks dark or golden; but not so lightly may those of riper years babble forth their tales of love" (vol. iii. pp. 85-87). The object of all this "babble" naturally is to declare that the writer is married to Arthur Grentorix. Esmé faints, and declines to see her husband until Alice appears and informs her that the hero of *The Roll-Call* is not Esmé's husband, but his uncle of the same name, of whom, of course, Esmé has never heard, and that she, Alice, is Esmé's erring but repentant aunt. So happiness is once more restored, and the curtain falls on renewed love-making. The quotations we have given, both in French and English, form the best comment on the story.

Whatever may be the merits of the Boston of to-day, in one respect they were probably outshone by the Boston of a century ago, written about by a lady calling herself "A. de Graesse Stevens." Great as is the intellectual activity of the modern inhabitants of Boston, we doubt if they could produce from among their ranks a second Lady Troubridge, who at the age of a hundred and eleven was able to give word for word conversations that took place ninety-five years before (vol. i. pp. 79, 80). This remarkable person appears, according to her own account, to have played a considerable part in the troubles with England, together

* *Fancy Free*; and other Stories. By Charles Gibbon. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

To Have and to Hold. By Sarah Stredder. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Roll-Call. By Mrs. Arthur Tristram Jervoise. 3 vols. London: Remington.

Old Boston. By A. de Graesse Stevens. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Story of May. By M. A. Curteis. 2 vols. London: Remington.

with her friend Anais de Grasse. Anais and her sister Dorothy, or Dot, were both brought up in France by their French relations. They do not, however, seem to have made much use of their opportunities, for the French they are fond of employing is quite the worst we have encountered even among this batch of novels. In vol. i. p. 117 Dot observes in her diary that she and her sister were sent to America, where their uncle held a *pied de terre*. We do not know what this cherished possession of the Comte de Grasse may have been. Had it any relation to the feet of clay belonging to the celebrated idol of Scripture? Dot's sister might have been deeply versed in modern novels, from the glibness with which she talks about a *chaperone* (vol. i. p. 240), but their biographer is alone responsible for the hero's *débonnaire* eyes (vol. i. p. 246). We cannot take any poignant interest in the fortunes of the virtuous Dot or the brilliant Anais, neither does it appear very probable that two French-bred girls would converse with each other and their old Bretonne nurse in a jargon of clumsy English and bad French. Both sisters fall in love with the same man, the captain with the *débonnaire* eyes. We hear a great deal about this gentleman's youth, but if he really was young, it must have been with the spurious youth of Claudian; for he speaks (vol. ii. p. 28) of the determined look worn by the Americans at the battle of Lexington as being the same which he had "often noted on the battle-fields of Arcot and Dettingen." Now an interval of thirty-two years separates the battle of Dettingen, fought in 1743, from that of Lexington, fought in 1775. The wearing of a doublet in 1759 may have been an idiosyncrasy on the part of Louis de Ventadore or his parents, but certainly we are familiar with no such garment in the pictures of the period.

The Story of Meg is not a good story. It is very jerky; it begins with a sentence of fifteen lines; its paragraphs frequently end in dashes, but it is the one novel of all the five which it is possible to read with interest. Meg was a pretty and forlorn little creature, living with an uncle and three female cousins, to whom she was absolutely unsympathetic. These cousins are formed a little too much on the model of Cinderella's sisters. Women are often neglectful or indifferent, but they are seldom actively spiteful for long together, as the Miss Harmons were. Meg's only hope lay in her unseen and unknown guardian, one Mr. Arlathnot, whose curious bringing up, partly in the fashionable world and partly among the strictest sect of the Pharisees, is very well described. He was equally unfortunate both in his wife and son, and on the news of the death of the latter made preparations for taking Meg to live with him, knowing that she was unhappy at home. Unluckily Meg was not informed of his intentions, and one morning, goaded by some fresh instance of unkindness on the part of her cousins, she ran away. She intended to go to her old nurse, but when, after many mishaps, she reached the nurse's address, it was only to find that the old woman had been dead for a year. The story of the dismal months that followed in the poorest and roughest of respectable lodging-houses is well told, and the account of the frightened Meg's solitary attempt to sit as a model to several young artists is exceedingly graphic. When she was reduced to her lowest ebb, a small newspaper hack, who was lodging in the same house, offered to marry her, and Meg, believing that after all it was the only loophole of escape from dying of starvation or returning to her uncle, did not say no. Before she gave her answer, however, she accidentally came across Mr. Arlathnot, who tried to induce her to return to her uncle's house; but she, thinking that she would avoid troubling them all for the future, quietly went back to her lodgings, and was married to her lover the next day. This seems to us unnatural. A childish creature like Meg would have been so thankful to see a familiar face, especially that of a person in whom she believed, that she would have obeyed him unquestioningly, and so have escaped all the sorrows in store for her. These sorrows were many. Her husband became first moody and jealous, and then took to drinking, and finally threw her in the way of most undesirable acquaintances. Arlathnot was powerless to help her, and her troubles ended only with her death. We hope next time Miss Curteis will apply the powers which she undoubtedly has to inventing a tale less consistently miserable.

CHRONICLES OF THE REIGNS OF EDWARD I. AND EDWARD II.*

THIS second volume of *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* is of unusual interest. The four works here brought together under the general name of "Chronicles" are in themselves interesting, not so much from a literary point of view—for, artistically considered, the mediæval Latin school of historians was in its decadence in the Edwardian age—but as throwing light upon an obscure period of history which is "singularly deficient in first-rate authorities." In the next place, two of the

pieces—the *Commendatio* and the *Bridlington Gesta*—are here printed, as the editor believes, for the first time. Then, in the introduction, Canon Stubbs has given us some valuable pages upon portions of the history of the reign, and an inquiry into the origin of the *Vita et Mors Edwardi II.*, and into the history of its reputed author, Sir Thomas de la Moore; he has also fulfilled his promise to set before us the results of his examination into the strange tale which brings the murdered Edward of Caernarvon to life as a hermit in Lombardy. Altogether there is fine foraging in the preface; although, a large part of it being necessarily given up to an account of the MSS. on which the text is founded, it cannot, as a literary composition, take equal rank with the historical essays which Canon Stubbs has given us as introductions to some of his earlier volumes of *Chronicles*.

Taking the pieces as they come, we begin with the *Commendatio lamentabilis*, a sort of mortuary eulogium or funeral sermon upon Edward I.—or Edward IV., as he is here more accurately styled—dedicated to his widow Margaret of France by the author, who appears to have been one John of London. "A less distinctive appellation," as the editor sadly remarks, "could scarcely have been invented"; and, though attempts have been made to identify him with various Johns of Westminster and London, and with the editor of the *Flores Historiarum*, the conclusion of Canon Stubbs is that we must wait for more evidence. In the meanwhile he seems to lean towards identifying him with a John of London, who in 1312 was a minor canon of St. Paul's and custos of the new fabric, and who may possibly have been the author of the *Annales Paulini*, printed in the first volume of this collection. The *Commendatio*, though hitherto unprinted, is by no means unknown, having been used and cited by Sharon Turner, Pauli, and others, and its authorship having long been a subject of discussion. It belongs to what is usually considered a dull class of compositions; and the literary merit of this particular specimen is not high. But it has nevertheless great value, as being evidently written shortly after Edward's death, as giving a detailed personal description of the great king, and "as showing that the points in the character and policy of Edward I. which have recommended themselves most strongly to the admiration of posterity were not left out of sight among the men of his own days." The personal description of Edward would have been still more valuable if John of London would only have given it wholly in his own words; but this, he says, exceeded his ability. He therefore hit upon the odd device of adapting the well-known description by Peter of Blois of Henry II. to suit Edward I. Now, as Henry was of middle height, stout, and reddish-haired, while Edward was tall, wiry, and black-haired, the feat might be thought to present insuperable difficulties; but, by altering the adjectives when necessary, and inserting a *not* and a *but* here and there, they are successfully surmounted. In the end, in spite of the clumsiness of the method, we get a lively idea of Edward, towering like King Saul above his subjects, broad-chested and sinewy, and, till his last illness, "upright as a palm-tree" and active as a youth. He was never out of spirits, except at the death of his dear ones (*carorum*); his health was good, almost to the last—"rarisime egrotavit"—which the writer attributes to constant work and exercise; like Henry, he was an ardent hunter and hawk—"vehemens amator nemorum et ferarum." To the last also—and he lived to be sixty-eight, a long life for a mediæval layman—he retained his eyesight and his teeth unimpaired, though his black and curling hair had grown grey. In spite of the difference in height and colouring, he had in physical, as in mental, constitution many points in common with the founder of his dynasty; he had Henry's round head, and eyes which changed from mild to fierce, according to their owner's mood—"scintillantes ignem," in the phrase of Peter of Blois and John of London, whereby we see that heroes with fire-flashing eyes are not, as is frequently believed, the invention of modern novelists. Like Henry before him, Edward was indifferent to, or rather impatient of, regal pomp; the weight of his crown oppressed him, not figuratively, but literally, so that after his coronation he refused to wear it again; and he habitually dressed "sicut unus ex plebeis," and all in one colour, eschewing purple and scarlet.

The *Commendatio* proceeds in the form of lamentations put into the mouths of the Pope, of Edward's brother kings, his widow, his bishops, earls, barons, and knights, and the clergy and laity generally. There is one marked omission; no lamentation is ascribed to his son and successor. The widow mourns with a profusion of Scriptural phrases, but with little that seems characteristic or appropriate. That she reckons it among his merits "quod parlamenta uniret" is an interesting fact, but one would expect to find it insisted upon by his subjects in general, rather than by his French wife in particular. The Pope and the clergy of course do not mention the little unpleasantnesses which now and then had occurred between Edward and the Church; and the bishops are made especially to praise his justice and moderation in the exercise of his rights over Church property—praise which, as the editor remarks, a monk would scarcely give to "the author of the statute *De religiosis*," and which therefore makes against the theory adopted by Sir Thomas Hardy, that the writer of the *Commendatio* was John Bever, a monk of Westminster. The lamentations of the earls, barons, and knights—who say nothing about the struggle over the Confirmation of the Charters, or the famous "Go or hang" dialogue—are the most characteristic. They show us who were then the accepted worthies of our insular history. Edward, say the knights, has excelled Brutus, Arthur, Edgar, and Richard. It is worth noting that the exile of the "perfidia

* *Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.* Vol. II. I.—*Commendatio lamentabilis* in Transitu Magni Regis Edwardi. II.—*Gesta Edwardi de Carnarvan* Auctore Canonico Bridlingtonensi. III.—*Monachi conijunctam Malmeberiensi Vita Edwardi II.* IV.—*Vita et Mors Edwardi II. conscripta* a Thoma de la Moore. Edited from manuscripts by William Stubbs, D.D., LL.D., Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, London. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longman & Co.; Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, and Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom.

multitudo Judæorum" is mentioned with approbation, not, as might be expected, by the clergy, but by the knights. Probably the gallant gentlemen had had painful experience of money-lenders. The earls and barons set forth other good deeds of Edward—his protection of the liberties of the Church, his magnificent gifts to shrines, his expenditure on castles and fortifications, his laying out of parks and fish-ponds, and his prowess in tournaments—a catalogue which shows us what "in the mind of a healthily constituted baron of the age" went to make up the ideal man. To the bishops it is among his merits that "Edwardus expugnavit Sarracenos, Francos, Scotos, Walenses, perfidos Christianos." The notion that his dealings with Wales and Scotland were matter of reproach had not yet come up. Under the guidance of Scottish poets and historians, we have been taught to condemn Edward for that "inveterate hatred to Scotland" which even the near approach of death could not soften.

Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clench'd his palsied hand,
That pointed yet to Scotland's land.

In the *Commendatio* of the clergy the same facts are looked at from the contemporary English point of view:—

Et ecce plusquam Saul hic et multo beator rex Edwardus, qui, cum diem mortis sue revelante spiritu sentiret imminere siquidem impotens equitare nihilominus lecticam parat, ad bellum properat, sanguinem in ecclesia fuscum dampnat, dum parricidas decapitat et incendiarios flamma incinerat, deridentesque decrepitos deliros mortificat morituros.

It will be said that all this comes from a panegyrist; and no doubt we must make due allowance for Edward's being painted, both morally and physically, *en beau*. His faults and his errors are, by the nature of the composition, as completely ignored as the drooping left eyelid which, we know from other sources, marred the symmetry of his face. But a panegyrist may be supposed at least to have picked out the strongest points of his hero; and it is clear that Edward's efforts to unite and organize Britain were by Englishmen of his own day looked upon as among his titles to fame.

The work which follows—the Bridlington book, as it may be called for brevity—consists of a chronicle of Edward II., written by a canon of the Augustinian Priory, and a compilation of annals of the reign of Edward III., embellished with extracts from the poetical prophecies of a real or supposed worthy of the same house, John of Bridlington. Perhaps one of the most remarkable and novel points in the *Gesta Edwardi de Carnarvon* is the account of the judicial proceedings against Piers Gaveston, which, "if true," is "an important addition to our knowledge of the events preceding his execution." If we are to believe the writer, Piers, instead of being simply lynched by the Earls of Lancaster, Hereford, and Warwick, was brought before the judges William Inge and Henry Spigurnell, or Spigurrelle, then sitting to deliver the gaol of Warwick, and, on the ground of his breach of the ordinance for his perpetual banishment, was—by the judges, as is implied—sentenced to decapitation.

The statement is circumstantial enough, and, if these two judges were really sitting at Warwick at the time of the arrest, the earls may not improbably have fortified their action with some show of legality. I am not aware of any confirmative evidence on this point, nor is it likely from what we know of the political connexions of the judges that they would be willing instruments of the vindictive policy of the earls, Inge at least belonged to the unpopular party.

The work also contains, as we might expect from a Bridlington writer, some interesting notes of Yorkshire history, much information as to the inroads of the Scots, and "the fullest account extant" of the "White Battle" of Myton in 1319. Canon Stubbs particularly calls attention to the account of the Earl of Lancaster's proceedings in Yorkshire in 1321 as "one of the most valuable portions of the present chronicle," illustrating a period which has only been very partially examined by historians. There are also some curious points in the account of the civil war which ended with the battle of Boroughbridge, the most striking incident being one in which Edward of Caernarvon's second favourite, the younger Hugh le Despenser, plays the chief part, and which is described with the circumstantiality of an eye-witness. The King, accompanied by Despenser, having forded the Trent, and made ready to give battle to the rebel earls in occupation of the town and bridge of Burton, was about to order the royal standard to be unfurled, a formal declaration of war which preserved its significance down to the days of Charles I. At this, Hugh le Despenser sprang from his *dextrarius*, and prostrating himself with his arms extended on the snow-covered ground—an attitude no doubt intended to move to mercy by recalling the crucifix—implored the King not to unfurl his standard and thus involve the whole kingdom in civil war. The incident sets the younger Hugh in a favourable light; but, as Canon Stubbs observes, it is the last occasion on which he appears as "counselling even a show of moderation," and, "after joining in the judicial murder of Earl Thomas and the other rebel lords, he is found pursuing a career of avarice and aggression indistinguishable from that of his father."

The chief interest of the annals of Edward III. is in the circumstantial narrative of Edward Balliol's expedition to Scotland in 1332, which "redeems the second portion of the work from the character of a mere compilation or abridgment of common material." On the third work contained in this volume, the *Vita Edwardi II.*, already printed by Hearne, and by him attributed, "on a very insufficient conjecture," to a monk of Malmesbury, our space will not allow us to dwell, though much might be said, both as to its authorship and date, and upon the work itself, which has

a marked and vigorous character. We must pass rapidly on to the *Vita et Mors*, first printed by Camden in 1602, and attributed to one Sir Thomas de la Moore, for whom, by guesswork and inference, a family history has been concocted, which Canon Stubbs demolishes, much as Mr. Blades has demolished the received accounts of Juliana Berners. Sir Thomas de la Moore, however, is not whittled away so nearly to nothingness as the sporting lady has been. The pedigree hitherto assigned to him as lord of Eldland in Gloucestershire must be set aside; but he may have been a cadet of the Eldland family, or he may be more probably identified with an Oxfordshire knight of the same name who represented that county in Parliament in 1340, 1343, and 1351. This last supposition fits in well with what we know for certain about the literary Sir Thomas—namely, that he was the patron of the Oxfordshire chronicler, Geoffrey le Baker of Swinbrook. The fact that Sir Thomas wrote in French some sort of a life or memoir of Edward II., whose forced abdication at Kenilworth he had witnessed, really comes to us upon the sole authority of Geoffrey, who in his chronicle acknowledges his obligations to the work of his knightly patron. Of this French life the *Vita et Mors* printed by Camden is professedly a translation; but, as Canon Stubbs informs us, it proves on examination to be a *refacimento* of Geoffrey le Baker's work. Of the original French memoir no trace has yet been found, though Canon Stubbs still cherishes hopes of its rediscovery. It is from Sir Thomas de la Moore, filtered through Geoffrey le Baker, that the received accounts of the insults and tortures inflicted upon the fallen Edward are chiefly derived—the shaving with ditchwater, a story which is stated to have come directly from one of the ex-King's escort, and which, reaching as it does the sublime of ignominious misery, has laid hold of the fancy of Marlowe in his tragedy, and of Croker and Dickens in their children's histories—the confinement in a chamber above a charnel-house, which is artistically preferable to Marlowe's filthy dungeon—"the shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring," foretold by Gray's Bard. But the method in which the murder was supposed to have been accomplished had got abroad before De la Moore wrote, and appears in the *Polychronicon*. This brings us to the question which has been recently raised whether this crowning atrocity ever took place. We refer to the discovery a few years ago in the archives of the department of Hérault of a letter to Edward III. from Manuel Fieschi, Papal notary and sometime Archdeacon of Nottingham, purporting to contain the "confession" of Edward II. as to his escape from Berkeley Castle, and his subsequent wanderings till he ended as a hermit in Lombardy. The letter, which was first brought by Mr. Bent under the notice of English historians, and of which we spoke in our review of his history of Genoa, is now reprinted by Canon Stubbs from the *Publications de la Société Archéologique de Montpellier*. Probably most readers will expect to find it followed by a crushing refutation, but this is far from being the case. Canon Stubbs indeed believes the story to be a fabrication, and points out some difficulties in the way of receiving it; but the difficulty of accounting for the existence of the letter remains. It has been written by some one who was sufficiently well acquainted with the circumstances of the King's imprisonment to be able to draw up the details without giving an opening for ready refutation. Down to a certain point it corresponds with the accepted facts, and there are no impossibilities in the later details:—

I can only suggest three theories to account for it: either it was part of a political trick devised in the French court at the beginning of the great war to throw discredit on Edward III. and possibly to create disaffection in England; or it was the pretended confession of some person well acquainted with the circumstances of Edward's death and probably implicated in it, who wished to secure his own safety and subsistence by counterfeiting the character; or it was the real confession of a madman. There is great difficulty in the last supposition, for there is too much true and consistent detail to have been arranged by a thoroughly disordered brain; if the first be accepted, the plan of which the letter was a part must have been so completely abortive as to be otherwise unknown, and the second supposition seems almost as improbable as the authenticity of the letter. There the fact remains, at present inexplicable.

Our notice of the chronicles contained in this volume has run to a length which forbids us to dwell, as we should like, upon the most valuable parts of the editor's preface—his sketch of the character of Edward II., and of the position of Gaveston and the Despensers; his remarks upon "the constitutional opposition" which, suspended under Edward I. (except on the occasion of the great struggle of 1297), revived under his son; his sketch of the period of the Earl of Lancaster's ascendancy, and his striking picture of the revolution which overthrew the Despensers, and with them their unhappy master. In the account of the commotions in the City of London, in which the unpopular Bishop Stapleton of Exeter was seized by the mob and beheaded with a "panade" or butcher's knife, we have one of those pieces of clear and vigorous narrative which Canon Stubbs too seldom gives us. His fame as a constitutional historian is widely spread, but his power as a narrator is hardly known beyond the comparatively small circle of students of the Record publications.

In conclusion, we must thank him for having added so much to our knowledge of the reign of Edward II.—a reign of which the history has yet to be written.

INDIAN RACING REMINISCENCES.*

CAPTAIN HAYES has written a good deal at one time or another about horses. In one of his books he professes to teach how to ride both on the flat and across country; in another he gives a number of veterinary notes for horse owners; and in a third he instructs his readers about the training and management of horses in India. Moreover, he has invented an instrument called the "horseman's knife," which to the uninitiated looks very like an ordinary many-bladed knife, though it may possibly possess virtues of which we are ignorant. His latest production is the work before us, which consists of exactly what its title would lead one to expect—a thing that cannot be said of all books. The author deserves some credit for the modest and candid manner in which he speaks of his own writings. Of one of his books he says, "In the first edition I expressed myself badly, but I had something new to tell. As the reading public was indulgent, I did better the next time. I went home to study at the new veterinary college," &c., the result being that the following edition "has now been before the public for eight years," and has "been a steady income to" him during that time. This being the case, Captain Hayes can surely afford to laugh at his critics. He is very confiding as to the occasional difficulties of horse authors, for he tells us that he arrived at a certain race-meeting in India in the worst of spirits, because he did not see his "way to win a race or get the wherewithal to pay stable bill and" his expenses to England, where he "wanted to go at the end of the season to write a book."

A book of stories about India, chiefly of a personal character, will be more interesting to those who know the places and the people described than to the ordinary reader; but even racing men who have never been in India may find something to interest them in the descriptions of the system of handicapping which prevails there, as well as in the comparisons between the different breeds of horses that meet together in Indian races. All horsemen are well aware that Arabs cannot compete successfully with modern English racehorses; but, while the author admits that, "from an English point of view, they cannot gallop, to use a common expression, fast enough to keep themselves warm," he contends "that there is a great deal to be said in their favour as high-mettled racers." One of their advantages is that they are usually so sound that an inexperienced trainer may try a great many foolish experiments with them without breaking them down; and, as trainers in India are usually amateurs, this is a great point. Another good thing about Arabs, as far as racing among themselves is concerned, is that they do not, as a rule, vary very greatly in their speed. Captain Hayes goes so far as to say "that in a two-mile weight-for-age race with ten or twelve Arabs, we would [sic] be right, three times out of four, in predicting that the proverbial tablecloth would cover the field up to the distance post, and that the verdict would be in doubt up to the last stride." Arabs, again, "have such a knack of improving with age and good treatment, that the owner of one which moves in anything like good form need never despair of winning a race with him." In India, English and Australian horses give Arabs 3 st.; country-breds 2 st.; and Cape horses 14 lbs. Even with these liberal allowances, Arabs and Indian horses have not much chance, at any distance, with English or Australian horses. Captain Hayes tells us that in many parts of India, where the climate is hot and damp, it is practically impossible to breed horses which would serve any useful purpose. "Thoroughbred English dams and sires will produce in India a foal that will be, to a certainty, unmistakable as a country-bred, while the second or third generation will possess but few European characteristics." While treating of the subject of breeding from English horses in India, it would have been well to refer to the efforts that have been made for some years by the Government to send good English sires to improve the breed of native horses. For several years twenty-five thoroughbred and twenty-five Norfolk stallions were sent out annually to India, and although the number is reduced, the exportation of English sires still continues. As this is a matter of importance, we should like to have seen something about it in a chapter on horse-breeding in India. We may observe that great success has followed the system of sending out these carefully-selected stallions, and in a future edition of his work the author would do well to take some notice of it.

The chief difficulty in managing races in India is to "bring the horses together," as racing men say. We mean, of course, at the winning and not at the starting-posts. English handicappers can vouch for the pains required to make a good race between well-known horses of one breed; but the difficulties are increased a hundredfold when many of the horses are unknown to the handicapper and are of different breeds. An instance is quoted in the book before us of a handicap in which one horse had to be handicapped at 12 st. 7 lbs. and another at 6 st. 7 lbs. to put the pair on anything like fair terms. Weight is sometimes allowed for difference of height in India, 4 lbs. per inch being the usual scale. At one time there was some difference between the scale of weight-for-age at Bombay and at Calcutta which greatly added to the difficulties of handicapping. Another cause of confusion was the difference in the time of foaling in India, in Australia, and at the Cape. As all horses in Indian racing law took their

age from May 1st, horses bred at another time of year ran at a great advantage or disadvantage as the case might be. Much has been done to improve and equalize the scale of weights through the energy of Lord Ulick Browne, who has been for many years the Admiral Rous of India.

Much importance is attached in India to what is called the "time test." In England the practice of timing races is of less importance, because there is a great variety in the nature of our racecourses, both as regards their soil and their inclinations. The great difference, again, in the state of the ground on different days at even one meeting, owing to variable weather, will often make a considerable margin between the length of time required to traverse the same course on one day and on another in this country. In India, on the other hand, the majority of racecourses are very like each other, being in most cases perfectly flat, with "light going." Trainers in that country consequently find stop-watches very useful in testing the progress of their horses, and in training a single horse by himself the time test is especially valuable. If the racecourses in India are generally like each other, the same cannot be said of the steeplechase courses, which are of every conceivable—we might almost say inconceivable—character. In one place the author says that he and his friends "made a steeplechase course across a cricket-field, over the shingle, and down the hard road in front of the Assembly Rooms." He rode in one steeplechase which had among its obstacles a wall 4 ft. 9 in. high. The negotiation of this wall is thus described:—

I endeavoured to get Mr. Hartwell to give me a lead over the big wall, but he, seeing what I wanted, kept behind, so I hardened my heart and sent Bowman at the masonry. He tried to "cut it," but I held him too straight and kept him going too fast to allow him to do so. He took off too soon, struck the wall with his chest, and rolled over with me on the other side. I was knocked insensible for a few moments, for there was a terrible lot of "bone" in the ground, as the bloodthirsty stewards had taken good care not to make "the falling" soft. When I came to myself I found I was sitting on the ground, and saw, as if in a dream, Daybreak with Mr. Short see-sawing on the wall, his head and fore legs on my side of it, his hind legs on the other, and his body wedged in the gap I had made.

There is much variety, too, in the uses to which Indian racehorses are put. One great steeplechase rider "never hesitated at putting his racehorses and chasers into a trap without any previous training, and, as he invariably used harness 'as rotten as pears,' and scorned to go on the high road when he could take a short cut across country, he seldom escaped without an accident or two." A scarcely safer charioteer was the hero of the following anecdote:—

On one occasion, after a very jolly dinner with the 2nd Bengal Cavalry at Segowice, one of the planters who had been playing polo, and who had driven in a tandem pair, was obliged to go home instead of sleeping in the station as usual. As the night was very dark, and the road narrow and raised, his friends tried to induce him to unharness the leader. But as he had just enough champagne to make him "contrary," the mere suggestion that he was not able to manage a tandem in the dark was sufficient to make him insist on displaying his ability to do so. A happy thought struck one of his friends, so they ceased endeavouring to persuade him, and, when the trap was announced, they had all the lights taken away from the mess verandah. They gave the syce a rupee to hold his tongue, took off the leader, and fastened both pairs of reins to the wheeler. The jovial planter climbed up, started off immensely proud of himself, and never found out his mistake until he arrived home safe and sound.

But those who ride races get hardened to accidents. The best gentleman rider on the flat that Captain Hayes ever beheld, either at home or abroad, once "got a desperate fall, and smashed his nose almost into a pulp. By way of breaking the news gently to his wife, he telegraphed to her, 'Nose knocked into a jelly, what shape would you like it?'" Nor are race-riders' mounts always very comfortable. We are told of a native racer that was the most fidgety and impetuous animal the author ever knew. She was the most unpleasant hack he ever sat on, for she would neither walk, trot, nor canter. "She would passage, shoulder-in, progress tail first, waltz, or go in any mad style of her own, but travel as a rational hack ought to do, she would not. On the racecourse she would run away for five furlongs, and then speedy-cut herself and be laid up for a couple of weeks." Of a steeplechase mare we read that "she had a nasty habit of dragging her hind legs after her when jumping a wall or timber," and full descriptions are given of many other racehorses that must have been anything but pleasant to ride.

It would hardly be fair to criticize a book of this kind too severely; good horsemen cannot always be expected to be "literary gentlemen." We may, however, point out that the long stories of the author's personal racing experiences are very tedious. Here and there we find an amusing anecdote, but, taken as a whole, the book is dreary reading. Yet it is a consolation to remember that works of this sort are not often read through from end to end by many readers, and it may amuse some people to dip into this little volume for half an hour or so. We must not omit to notice the illustrations, which consist principally of portraits. It will be sufficient to say that we do not admire them, and we venture to think that the book would have been more attractive without them. Generally speaking, the illustrations are the best parts of sporting works, but the book before us is an exception to this rule.

* *Indian Racing Reminiscences*. By M. Horace Hayes, Author of "Riding on the Flat and Across Country" &c. Illustrated by J. K. Ferguson. London: Thacker & Co.

A LIFE OF HERDER.*

IN several respects Mr. Nevinson's book deserves considerable praise. Though he does not seem to us to have grasped the true significance of Herder's intellectual position, or to have formed a just estimate of the influence he has exercised—somewhat indirectly, it is true—on the whole subsequent course of German thought, he has at least made an earnest effort to do the former. He is evidently familiarly acquainted with the works of the author whom he has made the subject of his sketch; and to become really familiar with them is a hard and rather repulsive task, for Herder was one of those men who can proclaim the truth that is in them only in the fragmentary and semi-dogmatic way which often strikes contemporaries so strongly, only to become utterly intolerable to their children. It is but just to add that the immense intellectual influence of Herder has greatly contributed to make his prose writings so unreadable. The truth that is in them, which once seemed the breaking of a new dawn, is now absorbed into the common light of day, and on turning their pages we are struck only by what is crude, false, and inadequate, because there is nothing new to us in the great thoughts that once announced the advent of our own period. The merits of such a writer can be known to the general public of his own country only by means of a digest, and it is well that such a man as Herder should be known far beyond the limits of his own country. English readers ought therefore to be grateful for the summary that is here offered them, but we must warn them that Mr. Nevinson is entirely, and indeed confessedly, incompetent as soon as he enters upon any question connected with philosophy, that his knowledge of the literature of Germany before the birth and after the death of Herder is exceedingly limited or rather superficial, and that he is therefore inclined to dwell on the parts of Herder's teaching which have an interest for the Englishman of to-day rather than on those which gave a new impulse to the thought of Germany a century ago. He seems also to have an unfortunate contempt of modern authorities. During the last ten or fifteen years a great deal has been written upon the subject in various German reviews which is not entirely unworthy of any reader's attention, and which might have prevented him from treating Herder's guesses as to the creation of species as an isolated, or indeed a very important, part of his speculations.

Mr. Nevinson is far more successful in dealing with the life and times of Herder. His knowledge of the latter is very creditable, though it has evidently been got up for the occasion—that is to say, it is the result of careful study for a given purpose, not of a disinterested love of the letters, the memoirs, and the literature of the period. The life is deserving of all praise; we, who do not profess to be specialists on this subject, know of none other in which the materials are brought together in so convenient and manageable a form, though we must confess that we differ from the author in the estimate he has formed of the character of his hero, and of many of the other persons who are mentioned. In this respect it is not unlikely that the work may be found useful, even in Germany.

But, as soon as we turn from the materials to the form in which they are presented to the public, all praise must cease. Like most of us, Mr. Nevinson is an admirer of Thomas Carlyle; but unlike most of us, he seems to think it a sign of reverence to travesty his style, which he mimics in much the same way as a clever monkey mimics the gestures of his master. There is a certain likeness, but it is that of a caricature; and the more solemn the action imitated is, the more ludicrous does the copy of it become. We have too great a respect for the original and for things higher than the original to follow Mr. Nevinson into this sphere, and prefer giving a specimen or two of his familiar discourse. Of "the laughing locomotive" (p. 87) we can only say by Polonius, "That's good; the laughing locomotive is good." The irreverence of the statement that "Herder cured souls after the Lutheran fashion" might, if it stood alone, be excused, but unfortunately it does not stand alone; it is the most innocent of a number of similar remarks which we have noted, but refrain from reproducing. We do not charge the author with a desire to offend; he seems to be simply ignorant of the fact that there are certain subjects on which Englishmen of culture, whatever their opinions may be, are accustomed to write seriously if they write at all. Here we would pause, did not sympathy with the lonely and unfortunate foreigner induce us to make one more quotation. Mr. Barnum's Buddhist priests must have been sadly shocked at the unceremonious way in which their charge has been treated by the English press; will it not refresh their souls to know that an English author speaks of an elephant, even when it is neither white nor sacred, as "the dreamlike Indian beast, the type of sensitive intellect" (p. 415)? Such kind words, it may be hoped, will even soothe the Jumbo in his exile.

LANCASHIRE GLEANINGS†

WE wonder whether it has ever occurred to the worthy persons who delight in statistics as to the number of volumes published in successive years to ask themselves the apposite question,

* *A Sketch of Herder and his Times.* By Henry Nevinson. London: Chapman & Hall, 1884.

† *Lancashire Gleanings.* By William E. A. Axon. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, & Chrystal. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

When is a book not a book? Perhaps more solutions than one might be suggested for the problem; but it would not be a mere bookbinder's reply to say that, in order to deserve its name, a book ought to cohere. Judged by such a test, we fear that not a few collections of altogether or semi-detached papers would be refused a place on the register, and this volume of *Lancashire Gleanings* among the number. Its author, Mr. Axon, has gained some reputation among librarians and elsewhere by his researches in the local history and archaeology of Lancashire; and he is true to the character of a genuine student in refraining, as a rule, from any endeavour to set off such curiosities as he has picked up by encasing them in the imitation morocco of would-be fine writing. With the exception of an introductory flourish or two about "Lancashire fair women," and "the pale martyr in his sheet of fire," and an occasional verbosity such as "the snowy regions of Muscovia," or "the myriad-peopled city of Manchester," he preserves a sobriety of style befitting studies which it is no dispraise to call dry. But there is no general connecting thread between the numerous sections of this volume beyond what its title implies; and there is no trace in it of so much as an attempt at arrangement. Religious, political, and literary traditions or anecdotes have all been fagoted as they came to hand; and the result is a compilation which undoubtedly may be taken up at almost any page, but which dissipates interest almost as speedily as it excites it. An emphatically trivial bunch of "Curiosities of Street Literature" is found lying between a genealogical notice of the "Sherburnes in America" and a short narrative of the adventurous military careers of two sons of Dr. John Ferriar. A tribute to the services rendered by Roscoe and others to the beginnings of the cultivation of art in Liverpool follows upon a noteworthy account of the great Chadwick claim—a Jarndyce v. Jarndyce of real life, with a *dénouement* hardly less complete than that of the story—and precedes a critical notice of a pseudo-analogue to the story of Bürger's *Lenore*. Now, this kind of disorder is neither avoidable nor inappropriate in a magazine for *dilettanti*; but in a book it is rendered irritating by its needlessness. We must add that, though there is no lack of matter that will be fresh to most readers in Mr. Axon's volume, he occasionally intermixes it with information familiar to ninety-nine out of a hundred students of English manners and customs. There cannot be many such readers desirous of hearing any more about the origin of the morris-dance, or to whom the *menus* of King James I.'s Sunday dinners, cited from Nichols's *Progresses*, will have the charm of novelty.

Mr. Axon might in other respects have improved this volume by bestowing greater care upon the revision of its contents. Thus he might have avoided repetitions; for it could not be necessary to tell twice over an anecdote as to the Young Pretender's supposed visits to the Swan Inn at Manchester in the year 1744, or to refer, once with a queer misprint and once correctly, to the "eternal want of pence that vexes public men." Indeed, his printers do not appear to stand on nice points, and he has by no means corrected all their vagaries. Their French accentuation is occasionally fantastic, and the note mentioned above on the story of Bürger's famous ballad is introduced by the following quotation *à faire peur*—

Die Todten reiten schnelle!
Wir sind, wir sind zür anelle.

Again, we may take it upon ourselves to assert that it was Henry VI. and not Henry VII., whom a tradition preserved by the Manchester antiquary, Thomas Barritt, sent into Lancashire, instead of Scotland, after the battle of Towton. Similarly, how can it be possible that "in 1189 and 1199 we read of Jews who held land by a statute passed in the reign of Henry III.?" Mr. Justice Eyre (whose name may be seen in the list of subscribers to Greenwich Hospital in Evelyn's papers), though his name is rightly spelt on p. 104, on pp. 138 and 139 becomes Mr. Justice Eyres. Such slips are the more irritating inasmuch as Mr. Axon is, in general, an accurate collector of facts, who evidently has a dislike of statements uncorroborated by chapter and verse, and who, so far as we have observed, is not himself obnoxious to any charge of looseness of expression. Perhaps, by the way, the mysterious naval operations of Spain in 1599 can hardly be called "the second attempted invasion of the Spaniards," but the matter may admit of dispute.

Mr. Axon's curious, though disjointed, collection of Lancashire *memorabilia* vividly reflects the contrasts which are to this day, and perhaps more now than ever, observable among its inhabitants. Nowhere is political feeling apt to run higher, because nowhere have the historical foundations of both Conservative and Liberal opinion been more deeply and more broadly laid. Nowhere is the Church of England in closer and more intimate contact with the life of the people, although both the Church of Rome, on the one hand, and the principal Nonconformist sects on the other, command the loyal adherence of large numbers, because they have all closely intertwined their history with that of different parts of the population, so that the Unitarians have their antiquities as well as the Roman Catholics. It is well known how, at the outbreak of the great Civil War, the discordance between the opposing elements in Lancashire made it difficult, if not impossible, to calculate with certainty upon the part the county would play in the contest. Clarendon's passage on the subject is worth quoting, as illustrating, by a statement characteristically involved, the clashing against one another of Lancashire opinions and interests—

The town of Manchester had, from the beginning (out of that factious humour which possessed most corporations, and the pride of their wealth),

opposed the King, and declared magisterially for the Parliament. But, as a great part of the county [the original MS. reads "the major part"] consisted of papists, of whose insurrections they had made such use in the beginning of the Parliament, when they had a mind to alarm the people with dangers; so it was confidently believed that there was not one man of ten throughout that county who meant not to be dutiful and loyal to the King; yet the restless spirit of the seditious party was so sedulous and industrious, and every one of the party so ready to be engaged, and punctually to obey; and, on the other hand, the Earl of Derby so unactive, and so uncomplying with those who were fuller of alacrity, and would have proceeded more vigorously against the enemy; or, through want of experience, so irresolute, that, instead of countenancing the King's party in Cheshire, which was expected from him, the Earl, insensibly, found Lancashire to be almost possessed against him; the rebels every day gaining and fortifying all the strong towns, and surprising his troops, without any considerable encounter.

As one turns over Mr. Axon's pages, with their mingled records of Jacobite longings and Puritan endeavours, one understands more readily than ever not only the trouble and turmoil, but also the vigour and vitality, which contrasts such as these have helped to produce in Lancashire. Of course there have been important personages, and even families, that have instinctively, whatever their sympathies or antipathies, kept the barque of their fortunes before the wind. The important family of the Mosleys, lords of the manor of Manchester till a comparatively recent date, seem on the whole to have belonged to this class, though the "delinquent" Sir Edward Mosley in the Civil War period had to thank the moderation of the Parliament rather than his own discretion for his escape from worse consequences than a decimation fine. Another Edward Mosley, however, was one of Cromwell's Commissioners for the administration of justice in Scotland, and having had the misfortune to lose his three sons before they had reached manhood, "appears," says Mr. Axon, "to have sought the consolations which Puritan convictions could inspire." His only daughter and heiress, who became by marriage Lady Ann Bland, who inherited with the manorial rights the Low Church tendencies of her father, was the chief founder of St. Ann's Church in Manchester, the foundation of which "is generally regarded as having been intended as a protest against the High Church views held at the Collegiate Church." She was a strong opponent of the Jacobitism that was rife in Lancashire during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, and on one occasion was so annoyed "at the eruption of Stuart tartan" in the Manchester Assembly Rooms "that, at the head of the ladies who wore the Orange favours, she went into the street and danced in the moonlight in testimony of her loyal affection to the Protestant succession." On her death the manorial rights passed to the other line of the family, the Jacobitism of whose representative in the days of the '45 does not seem to have involved him in any serious trouble. Ancoats Hall, the ancestral seat of the family, has long passed away, and the rural lanes around it have likewise become a thing of the past. But Ancoats is not altogether devoid of literary and artistic associations of even more recent date, so that the eye of the antiquary may be excused for dwelling lovingly upon its past in the midst of its present griminess.

In conclusion, we may content ourselves with touching on one division of Mr. Axon's multifarious gleanings which has reference to a branch of literary art connected since mediæval times with Lancashire. We may pass by his notes on the traces of the performance of mysteries in this county incidentally given in a rather discursive paper on "Sunday in the Olden Time." If, by the way, the story of the old man who had never heard of the Saviour except in a Corpus Christi play at Kendall proves "that the religious teaching of the mysteries was not very effective" (p. 43), it proves rather more than this against the religious teaching of the period in general, inasmuch as the old man in question "constantly went to Common Prayer" (p. 115). Nor need we more than touch upon a note which scarcely fulfils the expectations excited by its title, "Did Shakspeare Visit Lancashire?" and by the motto from "Charlotte Cushman," who seems to be a favourite of Mr. Axon's. The Queen's players were "in the furthest part of Lancashire" in 1589, at the New Park in Lathom in 1588, and at Knowsley in 1590; but there is no proof, as Mr. Axon judiciously admits, that Shakspeare was among them, or even a member of the company. Of greater interest is a short paper on "Fair Em," a play with the sub-title of "The Miller's Daughter of Manchester," which, "flat and unprofitable" as Mr. Axon justly calls it, has some claim to notice as having been attributed to Shakspeare. The supposition is absurd, as is the more plausible one which attributed it to Greene, and which is refuted in that most interesting collection, *The School of Shakspeare*, unhappily the last work of its accomplished editor, the late Mr. Richard Simpson. Whether it is possible to accept Mr. Simpson's demonstration, intended to show that not only is *Fair Em* a satire upon Greene (an imitation it in part certainly is), but that he believed Shakspeare to be its author, and retorted upon him accordingly, is a more difficult question. Mr. Axon points out that the play, which was performed by Lord Strange's servants (very possibly, or, as Mr. Fleay thinks, very probably, the company in which Shakspeare first acted) and bears the spread eagle, the badge of La Tremouille, on its title-page, contains a few local allusions; we may well suppose it to have been played on occasion at Lathom or Knowsley, where Fair Em, whose father had sought a quiet retreat in a mill at Manchester, would have been a popular heroine. Another dramatic note of Mr. Axon's suggests a curious speculation as to the way in which, after facts have been turned into fiction, fiction may be manufactured back into facts. Some of our readers may remember to have read (for it can scarcely keep the stage now in

any form) Lillo's "domestic tragedy" of *The Fatal Curiosity*. Lillo is the reverse of contemptible as a playwright; and, though his declamation is often hollow and his pathos rancid of the foot-lights, he was at times able to treat a terrible situation with real intensity. Lessing paid him the most genuine of all compliments—that of imitating him. The particular play called *The Fatal Curiosity* is not to our mind his most powerful work; but it can hardly be read without something of the horror which the author designed to excite, and, as Mr. Axon reminds us, it suggested one of the most successful of German *Schicksalstragödien*, *Zacharias Werner's 24 Februar*. (He might have added that the suggestion came through Goethe, who produced the piece at Weimar, excusing himself to Wieland on the plea that wine-drinkers occasionally like a glass of brandy by way of a change.) The story of Lillo's tragedy is, to put it briefly, that of a father and mother who, being reduced to the extremity of want, murder a visitor to their house for the sake of his casket of jewels, and afterwards find that their victim was their son. Returning home after an absence of many years, he had been prompted by curiosity to visit his parents *incognito* in the first instance, and his mother, in her turn, had had the curiosity to examine the stranger's box while he was taking an opportune nap. This story Lillo took from a pamphlet purporting to narrate the catastrophe (with a slight variation) as having occurred at "Perin" (Penryn, the scene of the drama) in the year 1618. As observed, the play, or adaptations of it, were frequently performed in England in the last century, and it has not remained unknown in Germany. Dunlop, cited by Mr. Axon, mentions the same story as told by Vincenzo Rota in a *novella* written early in the last century, but not printed till 1794. Its scene is here laid at Brescia; in another version mentioned by Dunlop the story plays in a Norman inn. Under these circumstances, is Mr. Axon justified in a sceptical surmise that a very similar story, which thrilled the readers of the *Vienna Neue Freie Presse* early in June 1880, was only another version of the same myth? The Young Wilmot of the play is here a young Viennese who had made his fortune in America, and the mother, who perpetrates the deed alone, is an innkeeper. But there is no other essential difference in the plot, the "weak" or "unnatural" part of which is the wish of the returning son to keep his identity concealed for a few days from his mother after revealing it to his brothers (just as Wilmot in the play reveals himself to his loved Charlot and to an old servant). We commend the investigation to those who are interested in the freaks of legend, or in the freaks of journalists, as well as to those who believe that crime, too, occasionally repeats itself. While on the subject of dramatic materials, we cannot help expressing our surprise that in permitting himself (very unnecessarily, we should say) "a slight digression" on a certain famous but apocryphal seigniorial right, Mr. Axon should have forgotten the use made of the tradition by Beaumarchais.

Much curious information of different kinds, on which it would be difficult to comment without giving to this article the looseness of texture to which we have taken exception in Mr. Axon's volume, will be found scattered through his pages. His research, the fruits of which are not likely to have been exhausted by his present production, his industry, of which it gives abundant proofs, and the good sense and good humour with which he treats his varied themes, encourage us to look for further and more solid work from the same hand.

THE CUP AND THE FALCON.*

IN their present form Lord Tennyson's latest dramatic works reveal, even more clearly than their stage presentment did, the slightness of their dramatic quality. Deprived of the glamour that enveloped their production at the theatres, where the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène* was scarcely less notable than the excellence of the interpretation, their defects become manifest. Despite several admirable passages of splendid rhetoric and glowing declamation, both *The Cup* and *The Falcon* are strangely deficient in vitality, in actuality, and in animation. It is unnecessary to add that they contain much poetic beauty, an exquisite felicity of language, and striking imagery. But there is also much mere verbal sonority and imposing harmony in the verse which, pleasurable to the ear, possesses little significance on the stage. With singular lack of discrimination, some of the most impressive and exalted poetry in *The Cup* is delivered by the treacherous voluptuary Synorix, and elsewhere the poet has distributed the jewels of his unequalled store of diction with strange impartiality. Hence the characters are deficient in force, are shadowy and colourless, and excite neither interest nor emotion. Sinnatus and Synorix are very feebly opposed; the excellence of the one, the villainy of the other, are not dramatically displayed and vividly contrasted by gradual and subtle self-revelation. Camma is a beautiful and stately figure, and nothing more; she has suffered unpardonable affront and inexpiable wrong; she meditates revenge, and yet moves us not, and with the most tremendous passion in her heart, is cold, self-contained, and statuesque to the end. When Sinnatus discovers the supposed Strato to be the notorious Synorix, and might well surmise the nature of his interview with Camma, he expresses himself with scarcely any of the sudden wrath of an ingenuous nature. The

* *The Cup and The Falcon*. By Alfred Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan & Co.

most powerful scene in *The Cup* is the final one, when Camma administers the poisoned wine to Synorix at the ghastly wedding ceremony, and in the presence of the baffled tyrant, with the Roman crown on her head, anticipates her reunion with Sinnatus with the rapture of triumph and unviolated fidelity:—

O women,
Ye will have Roman masters. I am glad
I shall not see it. Did not some old Greek
Say death was the chief good? He had my fate for it.
Poison'd. (*Sinks back again.*) Have I the crown on? I will go
To meet him crown'd! crown'd victor of my will—
On my last voyage—but the wind has fall'd—
Growing dark too—but light enough to row—
Row to the blessed Isles! the blessed Isles!
Sinnatus!
Why comes he not to meet me? It is the crown
Offends him—and my hands are too sleepy
To lift it off. (*PHOEBE takes the crown off.*)
Who touch'd me then? I thank you.
(*Rises with outspread arms.*)
There, league on league of ever-shining shore
Beneath an ever-rising sun—I see him—
"Camma, Camma!" Sinnatus, Sinnatus!

If *The Cup* be drama disinherited, denaturalized, shorn of vital spirit, *The Falcon* is even slighter in motif, thinner, and more phantasmal in effect. It contains verses of great beauty and much felicity of phrase, its fancy is light and quaintly expressed. The rather strained pathos of Boccaccio is rendered acceptable with considerable art, and yet the drama is one in outward semblance only. It would lose nothing if it were to be printed as a narrative poem without the stage directions and distinctions of dialogue, and even thus it would appear very meagre by the side of the vivid and graphic art of Chaucer. It is only the most obvious truism to say that neither of these little works can enhance Lord Tennyson's reputation. The poet has exhibited in *Maud* and in the *Idylls of the King* a dramatic power incomparably truer and deeper than is discernible in the present volume.

RECENT MUSIC.

TO all those who are in want of a practical series of exercises in singing for constant use, *Daily Exercises for Mezzo-soprano, Soprano, and Tenor*, by Albert B. Bach, and published by Messrs. Metzler & Co., will be a welcome acquisition. The author, who has evidently had great experience as a teacher of singing, and who has successfully striven to mould his experience into a clear and concise method, does not come before the public, as too many have done before, as an inventor of a royal road to the vocal art, but contents himself with retaining all that is acknowledged as good in both the older and more modern systems of training for the voice. These exercises, he tells us in a modest preface to his work, are those "which I have been in the habit of using in the instruction of my pupils, who have expressed a wish to have them in print," and we are sure that there are many who will be glad that the author has been able to gratify the wish of his pupils. His object is by careful training to strengthen and improve the middle notes of each voice; for, as he wisely remarks, "when these notes can be properly produced, the pupil may, with comparatively small effort, be gradually led to the proper production of notes at the extreme limits of his compass," and we think that no one who has listened intelligently to the singing of some so-called finished singers, even on the concert stage, will lightly deny the wisdom of this principle of instruction. In a collection of general rules and instructions attached to the exercises the author deals with the position of the pupil in standing, deprecating at the same time all tightly-fitting clothing and stiff collars, a matter which, though apparently trifling, is of the greatest importance in the production of the voice, the use of vowels and consonants, and of the *timbre chiaro* and *chiaroscuro*, the expression of the face, the position of the tongue and lips, and, of course, above all with the management of the breath; added to which there are particular remarks on the different exercises comprised in the work, which render it as complete and concise as the most exacting student might desire. We would specially call attention to the remarks on Exercise 38, in which the three different modes of attacking a note are so clearly defined, as this refinement in the art of singing is not always duly appreciated even by those who are held to have attained some success in the art. We can heartily recommend these "Daily Exercises" as clear and rational in method and eminently fitted for the object for which they are written.

We have also received from Messrs. Metzler & Co. the following pieces of music:—Two duettinos, under the respective titles of "Arithmetic" and "Our Letters," by Ch. Gounod, to which Mr. Theo. Marzials has very skillfully adapted English words, and which are full of that unaffected grace and spontaneous melody which are so characteristic of the eminent musician who composed them that we feel certain they will be welcomed by all who love the art. Mr. Cotsford Dick's "Household Words" is an effective little song to pretty words written by the composer himself, which deserves to become as popular as the other works of this clever musician; while "Unbidden," by Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott, to words by Miss. Jetty Vogel, is a pleasing melody treated in an artistic manner. "Sing to Me," by Lady Arthur Hill, perhaps hardly reaches the standard of originality the composer has hitherto achieved in some other songs from her pen; but the melody is a sweet one, and the words are singularly pathetic.

A cleverly-written song by Miss Caroline Lowthian, called "Sunshine," and another by Mr. F. Rivenhall, named "Lingering Fancies," to words by Mr. Robert Ganthony, may be commended for their suitability for drawing-room singing, and "Love must Make or Mar," written and composed by that conscientious composer Mr. William A. Aiken, deserves special mention on account of its effectiveness and musician-like treatment. Of pianoforte pieces from the same publishers, "three melodious sketches" entitled respectively "Morning," "Noon," and "Night," by Herr Eugen Woycke, are as good as anything of their kind which we have seen of late. Not too exacting in point of execution, they rise nevertheless above the average of this class of pieces, and by simple means produce a pleasing and artistic effect. Of the three pieces, perhaps the first, a "Moderato Cantabile in G," will prove the favourite, though all of them are well worthy of study. "Die Fussgarde" (Alois Volkmer) is a spirited march, not overburdened with originality, it is true, but correctly written and void of the vulgarity which so often mars this species of composition; while Mr. Hugh Clendon's "Pas des Pierrots" is as vivacious a trifle as its title would lead one to expect.

From Messrs. Orsborn & Tuckwood we have received "Forty Winks," by Mr. Arthur Carnall, to words of a semi-comical sort, by Mr. G. Clifton Bingham—a fairly good song of its kind, and one which will doubtless please those singers for whom it is written; and "Our Little Craft," by M. Henri Stanislaus, a nautical ditty of considerable spirit, which, as we are told, has been "sung with tremendous success" by no less than nine singers, whose names are all duly recorded on the title-page. Further commendation from us would, we think, be out of place. We cannot help thinking also that the custom of making such startling announcements as this and that which appears on the title-page of "Forty Winks" is liable to excite mirth, especially as among the fifteen names which appear upon these two songs not one is that of a singer of the first class. This remark applies equally to another song, "Back from the Fight," by Mr. Arthur Carnall, and to "Ever Faithful, ever True," by Anton Exonia, to words by Mr. Edwin H. Morris, which last is a very pleasing piece of work, and deserves the "great success" which we are told it has achieved. "Homewards," by Mr. Odoardo Barri, fully sustains the reputation of this popular composer, and scarcely requires the announcement of its "tremendous success" on the title-page; while Mr. George E. Iles's "Cousin Madge," a song with a moral, may perhaps require the encouragement of a like advertisement. Brother Charles J. Campling's song, entitled "Oddfellowship," appeals musically to the sentiments of all Oddfellows, to whom it is dedicated; and, as it is a nicely-written song, and has only, as far as we are informed, been sung by Brother E. Holmes, P.G. 2,900, will commend itself to all the members of that excellent Friendly Society. "Noyau," a sarabande, and "Epineuse," a rigodon, by M. Henri Stanislaus, are both above the average, and will fully repay study; while "Albino," a valse by the same composer, is very pretty and effective. "Danse Moderne," by Mr. Sidney H. French, is a graceful *morceau* in gavotte style, somewhat suggestive of M. Ambroise Thomas's gavotte in *Nigron*, which makes us wonder why it bears the above title; and the "Antonina Waltz" (Cecil Neilson) is a pretty piece of dance-music, with a very good portrait of Miss Anderson on its title-page. "A Child's Heart" (E. C. Chipmell), published by Messrs. Rogers & Son, gives evidence that the composer is a careful musician and is capable of writing a very pleasing melody.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is needless to observe that a work by Hilgenfeld on the heresies of early Christianity (1) must be a work of authority, especially, perhaps, when it is rather an exposition of established conclusions than an attempt to establish new ones. Relying mainly on Justin Martyr, Hippolytus, and Irenæus, but supplementing their meagre or obscure details with information collected from every possible quarter, he has produced as complete an account of the extraordinary sects to which the fusion of Greek and Oriental thought gave birth in the early Christian centuries as is possible in the case of opinions scarcely intelligible in themselves, and known only at second hand from the testimony of adversaries. The book is composed throughout in that spirit of purely scientific investigation and fearless impartiality which so honourably distinguishes the author among theologians. The account of Valentius and of the Montanists is particularly full, and mere fragments of Gnostic teaching are carefully quoted, especially those of Heracleon's commentary on the Gospel of John.

The first part of a series of studies of Indo-Germanic myths, by E. H. Meyer (2), is devoted to the examination of the parallel legends of the Gandharvas and the Centaurs, of whose respective identification with the clouds there seems no reasonable question.

Lucian Mueller's monograph on Ennius (3) is a most interesting essay in literary history and criticism. Herr Mueller is very justly offended at the unreasonable depreciation of Latin literature in

(1) *Die Ketzergeschichte des Urchristenthums*. Urkundlich dargestellt von Adolf Hilgenfeld. Leipzig: Fues. London: Nutt.

(2) *Indogermanische Mythen. 2. Gandharven-Centauren*. Von E. H. Meyer. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Nutt.

(3) *Quintus Ennius: eine Einleitung in das Studium des römischen Poesie*. Von Lucian Mueller. St. Petersburg: Ricker. London: Nutt.

comparison with Greek, which he partly attributes to the deference paid to Mommsen, whose qualifications as a critic he considers greatly inferior to his qualifications as an historian. He regards Ennius as the father of Latin literature, the Roman Klopstock, but as occupying a relatively much higher place. In fact, his estimate of Ennius's poetical merits seems almost extravagant, considering how scanty are our means of forming a judgment; but, if Herr Mueller exaggerates the genius of his favourite, it is impossible not to be delighted with his ingenuity in assigning the fragments of Ennius's Annals to their proper places in the narrative, as well as the acumen of his restorations of the text. In both lines of investigation he comes frequently into collision with Herr Vahlen, the author of a prize essay on Ennius, who fares very badly. Ennius's grammar, orthography, and metre also receive due attention, and the whole essay is composed in a strain betokening complete and conscious mastery of the subject.

The history of early Greek literature (4) has been written so often and so well that we could have wished that Dr. Sittl had directed his attention to the Hellenistic period, of which he speaks with undue disparagement. If, however, he has added little to the researches of his predecessors, his well-arranged work, at once copious and condensed, may serve as a useful manual of the subject, and also as an index to the latest developments of critical opinion in Germany, especially on the supremely interesting question of the unity of the Homeric poems. Like most modern critics, Dr. Sittl assigns the Iliad and the Odyssey to different authors; but, though allowing many interpolations and retouchings, he maintains the substantial unity of the Odyssey and of the Achillean portion of the Iliad. His present volume comprises the epic, elegiac, and lyric poets, and the first beginnings of Greek prose.

The Memoirs of Hermann Wagener (5) promise to be of considerable interest as contributions to a neglected department of political history. Prussian Conservatives are not usually ready with the pen; it is, therefore, satisfactory to encounter one who writes well, and has a subject worth writing about. Herr Wagener was editor of the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, better known as the *Kreuz-Zeitung*, the organ of Prussian Toryism and reaction for several years after the foundation of the journal. His Memoirs give a not uninteresting picture of the attitude of his party at the time, and are further distinguished by a fairness and urbanity which are not thought to have distinguished him in his editorial capacity. The days of *Kreuz-Zeitung* preponderance are not days of which Prussians feel proud, and it may be that some injustice has been done to the leading statesmen of that inglorious epoch, which Herr Wagener's testimony may assist to redress.

Dr. Conrad's statistics of University training in Germany during the last half-century (6) may be recommended to the attentive consideration of the readers of Père Didon's recent work. They are significant in a number of ways, upon which space forbids us to enter. It is remarkable that the ultimate conclusion should be that the German Universities are overstocked. The proportion of students to population, Dr. Conrad thinks, is excessive. He attributes it to the Government's neglect of commercial and general schools, and their imposition of educational tests, which force people into the Universities who would be better outside.

The Icelandic tales translated into German by J. C. Poestion (7) are mostly selected from the collection of Jon Arnason, already made known to English readers by the translation of Mr. Powell. They are, for the most part, very good stories, clearly and dramatically related, but with little local colouring and without any specific features to discriminate them from the average type of legendary fiction represented in Grimm's *Kinder- und Haus-Märchen*. If there is any such, it is the independence of the female sex and the important part performed by women in most of the tales. Kings and courts appear very frequently—a sufficient proof that the stories did not originate in Iceland; but both are of a more simple and homely type than usual. For the rest, there are envious sisters, wicked stepmothers, perilous quests, and magic gifts. Fairies seldom occur, but giantesses are very common, and one story is an Icelandic version of Whittington and his Cat. The incident of disenchanting a person transformed into an animal by burning the animal's skin while he temporarily resumes his proper shape is of very frequent occurrence. The translation is smooth and elegant, and Herr Poestion vouches for its accuracy.

A pretty little collection of letters from Northern Eubœa (8), by G. Drosinis, has the advantage of being written by a Greek, who can no doubt enter better into the ideas of his rustic countrymen than a foreign resident. They relate chiefly to the life of shepherds, with their primitive habits and graceful love adventures, and have a really idyllic charm, recalling Longus and the other ancient pastoral romances. Several pretty translations of popular

songs and ballads, with the original text, are interspersed, and as an appendix Mlle. Kampuroglu contributes a popular version of the Polyphemus myth as told at the present day, in which the Cyclops is represented by a dragon.

Woldemar Kaden's guide to the Italian Riviera (9), between Nice and Pisa, is a most excellent practical handbook, with maps, plans, and all the general information the tourist or invalid can desire.

"Eve's Daughters" (10) is a series of sketches illustrative of the condition of women, chiefly in their domestic relations and as objects of love and gallantry, to the close of the mediæval period. It is entertaining and not uninteresting reading; the most amusing chapter is that on the chivalrous adventures and misadventures of Ulrich von Lichtenstein, a German knight of the age of the Minnesingers.

Chiavacci's sketches of the ways and works of the lower and lower middling classes of Vienna (11) are as amusing as Henri Monnier's similar delineations of Parisian life, which may have suggested them. The only impediment to the full enjoyment of their humour is the Vienna dialect, and this is not very formidable.

Riesula (12) is another of Felix Dahn's historical romances of the subjugation of the Roman Empire by the Barbarians, and is nearly twice as long as its predecessor *Felicitas*. The contrast of Romans and Goths is full of picturesqueness, but one cannot help feeling that, in spite of the energy of the writer's style, the latter are too much modernized and toned down. The plot is interesting, and the personages include a successful portrait—the Roman poet Ausonius.

It is agreeable to find Englishmen and Americans addressing German audiences on the poets of their respective countries (13), too little known in a land which has made most literatures its own, but has unaccountably overlooked that at which the decaying light of its own poetry could best be rekindled. Mr. Cotterill and Mr. Rolleston have given fair and sensible accounts of the authors they have respectively selected. We are not sure that the latter's task has not been the easiest; for although Whitman speaks a strange dialect, he loses comparatively little in translation, owing to his laxity of metrical form. Mr. Cotterill exaggerates the deficiencies of German literature in translation from the English. There is a complete translation of Shelley, though not a very good one; *The Ancient Mariner* has been rendered by no less a poet than Freiligrath, and the readers of *Deutsche Liebe* cannot be wholly unacquainted with Wordsworth.

The history of the "English Comedians" in Austria (14) a supplement to Albert Cohn's researches on their history in Germany, is investigated in an interesting little volume by Johannes Meissner. They are first met with in Germany about 1591. In 1618 two distinct companies, respectively headed by Brown and Green, are found in the Austrian dominions; and traces of English players occur both in Austria and Germany throughout the seventeenth century. The most interesting part of Herr Meissner's work is his republication of *Joseph the Jew*, either a very rude precursor of *The Merchant of Venice*, or, as Herr Meissner thinks, an adaptation of it to the exigencies of poor performers and a coarse audience. In either point of view it is a curiosity, and an instructive illustration of the enormous superiority of Shakespeare. It is no doubt a translation from the English, was first acted in Germany in 1608, and continued to be performed until 1674, which is about the date of the MS.

The annual supplement of Meyer's *Conversations Lexicon* (15) continues its course with undiminished vigour and the greatest possible attention to the primary requirement of keeping abreast of the times. The most interesting article to English readers is Dr. Eugen Oswald's excellent summary of recent English literature, brought down to so recent a date as to include Mr. Lyster's translation of Düntzer's biography of Goethe. Recent German and Danish literature are treated with similar fulness and accuracy; and the additions to such articles as Budget, Darwinism, Electricity evince the same desire to keep the reader *au courant* with the latest developments of the subject.

After "Handsome Valentine," which proceeds very successfully, the principal contents of the *Rundschau* (16) are critical. E. Zeller contributes a valuable, if rather dry, essay upon the importance of linguistic education as a means of intellectual culture. Karl Hillebrand, returning to literature after a long retirement occasioned by severe illness, writes on the detrimental effect of the progress of civilization upon fiction and the drama, in so far as it

(9) *Die Riviera von Nizza über Genua nach Pisa*. Von Woldemar Kaden. Berlin: Goldschmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Eva's Töchter bis auf Luther's Kütte*. Von Dr. H. Semmig. Jena: Manke. London: Nutt.

(11) *Aus dem Kleinleben der Grossstadt*. Wiener Genrebilder von V. Chiavacci. Berlin: Engel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Bisula: historischer Roman aus der Völkerwanderung*. Von Felix Dahn. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(13) *Ueber Wordsworth und Walt Whitman, zwei Forträge*. Von H. B. Cotterill und T. W. Rolleston. Dresden: Tittmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Die englischen Comödianten zur Zeit Shakespeares in Oesterreich*. Von Johannes Meissner. Wien: Koneger. London: Trübner & Co.

(15) *Meyer's Conversations-Lexikon. Jahres-Supplement*, 1883-4. Hfte. 3, 4. Leipzig: Bibliog. Institut. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 10, Hft. 6. Berlin: Pötel. London: Trübner & Co.

(4) *Geschichte der griechischen Literatur bis auf Alexander den Grossen*. Von Dr. Karl Sittl. Th. 1. München: Ackermann. London: Nutt.

(5) *Erlebtes: meine Memoiren aus der Zeit von 1848 bis 1866 und von 1873 bis jetzt*. Von H. Wagener. Abth. 1. Berlin: Pöhl. London: Trübner & Co.

(6) *Das Universitätsstudium in Deutschland während der letzten 50 Jahre: statistische Untersuchungen*. Von Dr. J. Conrad. Jena: Fischer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Isländische Märchen*. Aus den Originalquellen übertragen von J. C. Poestion. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Ländliche Briefe*. Von Georgios Drosinis. Land und Leute in Nord-Eubœa. Deutsche autorisierte Uebersetzung von Aug. Boltz. Leipzig: Friedrich. London: Williams & Norgate.

excludes strong language and situations. Hermann Grimm takes occasion of the centenary of Cornelius's birth to discuss the prospects of religious art in an essay which would, we think, have considerably gained by acquaintance with the works of Mr. Tinsworth. Julius Rodenberg contributes some insignificant letters addressed to him by the late Dr. Leaker, interspersed with personal recollections of greater interest.

Anglia (17) is, as usual, full of interest to students of Early English. The most important recent contributions to this department are Ludorff's essay on William Forrest's version of the Theophilus legend, and Goldberg's edition of an old English metrical version of Valerius Cato, melodious in versification, and excellent in morality. In curious contrast of these is a circumstantial account, by R. P. Wülcker, of Bulwer's early and suppressed volume, *Weeds and Wildflowers*, which is analysed in the greatest detail.

The *International Journal of Universal Philology* (18), edited by F. Techmer, is certainly a great undertaking. Philology has probably never been represented before by a periodical planned on so ambitious a scale. The most elaborate contributions are those by A. F. Pott on the physical, mental, and other aspects of language; and the editor's copious and copiously illustrated dissertation on the physiology of speech. If the undertaking fails, it will be from devoting too much attention to abstruse questions, incapable of a practical solution, and too little to definite accessions to knowledge, of which, however, Mr. Malley's paper on the sign-language of the American Indians is a good example.

A new *Rundschau*, the *Nordische* (19), makes the laudable attempt to give a survey of the life and literature of Northern Europe. Slavonic, and more particularly Russian, subjects seem to preponderate; the first number, nevertheless, contains a pretty full discussion of the merits of Ibsen, undoubtedly a new force in literature, and one of the authors who have been most successful in reconciling poetry with realism. The other principal contributions are a translation of Danilewski's *Lauruschka*, a vivid, but mournful, picture of the dog-like fidelity of a serf to an unworthy master; and a circumstantial account of the life and works of the painter Wereschagin. Bibliography and notices of new books also constitute important features in the periodical.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE fourth series of M. de Pontmartin's *Souvenirs* (1), though not free from a certain technical objection as to title, which we have urged before now, contains some interesting and valuable articles. Men who can still tell us how they took up *Ross et Blanche* on the day of its appearance are rare, and those who can tell of these things with the literary ability of M. de Pontmartin are rarer. There is, as has been frequently noticed here, a combination of robustness and acuteness about him which makes all his work valuable despite his prejudices and his tendency to *parti-pris*. It is a pity that some of our critics in England who, if they do not obtain their knowledge of French literature exclusively from authorities like MM. Scherer and Caro, are certainly directed more or less by such authorities, do not take M. de Pontmartin sometimes as an alternative. His paper here on Henri Amiel, in particular, might have a tonic effect. Those who do not want second-hand knowledge will find M. de Pontmartin himself a sufficiently interesting study. Some of the more interesting papers here are those on Sandeau, H. Rivière, Joubert's correspondence, and Dupanloup.

The third volume of the *Sourches Memoirs* (2) extends from the beginning of 1689 to the end of 1691. It contains interesting details on the Irish and Flanders wars, mingled, as usual, with pure "Court Calendar" entries—such as, "Le 1^{er} du mois de juin le Roi n'eut point de fièvre, et comme il continua de prendre du quinquina, il s'en trouva complètement guéri," and the like.

The "ignorant" who has written a summary biography of M. Pasteur (3) and a somewhat detailed history of his scientific investigations and discoveries is apparently a learned, and certainly a technical, ignorant. "Diasymétrie moléculaire," "diathèses faronculeuses," and so forth, are the ignorantist phrases which he uses with a charming nonchalance. Nobody, however, need be afraid of the book, which, if occasionally rather disturbing to weak nerves, is quite readable and full of interest. It may be observed that it victoriously disproves the silly charges of vivisection in the objectionable sense which have been made against M. Pasteur. To call inoculation (especially inoculation for the direct purpose of tracking and combating disease) vivisection is a mere abuse of words.

M. Georges Kohn (4) has written a globe-trotting book which

is in some respects favourably and in others unfavourably distinguished from most of its kind. The author's route was a little varied from the usual "round the world" track, and he has a certain faculty of lively writing and vivid description. On the other hand, his taste is very frequently at fault, and he has a remarkable tendency to give himself the *beau rôle*. An account of an ascent of Popocatepetl, in which one Indian guide was killed, ought not perhaps to excite distrust in us, but somehow or other it does.

An interesting addition to economical, and at the same time to biographical, literature has been made by M. Gosset in his work on *salles d'asile* (infant schools) (5) and on their chief introducer in France, Denys Cochin. The latter was not the least eminent of a remarkable family which for generations has been equally distinguished by benevolence, by ability in business, and by literary faculty.

It was a good idea of M. Blouet's (6) to collect specimens of French oratorical literature in a reading-book. His notes are excellent. But we should have liked the book better if it had started a little earlier (it seems that no earlier profane orator than Mirabeau is to be given), and if, instead of a mere cento from other French writers, a proper biographical-critical introduction had been prefixed to each author. *Common-sense French* (7) is a rather bumpious title, and we do not see that Messrs. Pooley and Carnie have done much to justify it. This kind of thing, of course, may be useful:—

V... | V... | V... | V... | V... | V... | V... | V...
Vu | Vi | Va | Vâ | Vo | Vô | Vè | Ve

But we own to a very stout incredulity as to its being of any use whatever. It is claimed for their method that it is "rapid and easy." And here speaking, not from general principles, but from particular experience, we may say that "rapid and easy" systems of teaching are chiefly remarkable for the rapidity and ease with which they can be forgotten. M. Léon Delbos's *Cinna* (8) has the merits and the defects of a series of which we have spoken more than once.

The author of the painful and powerful tale of *Pitchoun* has written in *La voix d'or* (9) another and more elaborate story, which is certainly painful, and which is not destitute of power. Gina Rietti, songstress and devotee of gold, is conducted through various adventures, ending in the loss of her fortune and her voice and in a hideous death due to morphia-poisoning. Given the conditions of French novel-writing, the author has not by any means exceeded bounds in the "naturalist" direction. But he has not quite succeeded (it is noteworthy that French novelists year by year succeed less in this point) in making his heroine a real character. There is nothing improbable in her, but she is not thoroughly worked out. The book, however, is one of much merit; and the author's abstinence from the vulgar banalities of MM. Zola et Cie in a tempting situation is infinitely commendable, as well as the skill with which he has sketched characters such as the Russian Prince Kalleitseff and the French *blanc* Jacques de Lerty. Much may be hoped from M. Ricard. Of the other novels on our list, *La Régina* (10) is a story of some pathos. *Lady Venus* (11), a collection of tales à la Droz, which escape, for the most part, the taint of vulgarity; and *Crrr de bleu!* (12), despite its aggressive title, a very harmless bundle of sketches of military life.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MR. SIDNEY JERROLD possesses not the least of the qualifications required in a translator. He is acquainted with the language of his original, and has been able to go straight to the Russian of Turgénev while at work on his rendering of *First Love* and *Páin and Babirín* (1). As far as we can judge by internal evidence, he has done his work well. The English of his translation reads easily, and is free from foreign idioms. Perhaps, too, the fact that he writes better as a translator than when he is left to his own resources is in his favour. Mr. Jerrold's introduction is not distinguished by those merits of style which we look for in a student of Turgénev. He advances by leaps and bounds. His sentences do not keep step, and his paragraphs have a way of beginning towards the middle and ending before the end. We can agree in the main with what Mr. Jerrold has to say about the qualities of the great Russian's work, though some of his judgments seem to call for reversion. In speaking, for instance, of *Fathers and Sons*, he expresses the opinion that the younger generation come best out of the comparison. For

(5) *Les salles d'asile en France*. Par E. Gosset. Paris: Didier.

(6) *French Oratory*. Vol. I. Sacred. By P. Blouet. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

(7) *Common-sense French*. By A. Pooley and K. Carnie. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

(8) *Cornille's Cinna*. By L. Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *La voix d'or*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(10) *La Régina*. Par Ch. Lomon. Paris: Plon.

(11) *Lady Venus*. Par A. Melandri. Paris: Ollendorff.

(12) *Crrr de bleu!* Par V. Joly. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(1) *First Love, and Páin and Babirín*. By Iván S. Turgénev, D.C.L. Translated from the Russian by Sidney Jerrold. London: Allen & Co.

(17) *Anglia: Zeitschrift für englische Philologie*. Herausgegeben von Moritz Trautmann. Bd. 6, Hft. 4. Bd. 7, Hft. 1. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Internationale Zeitschrift für allgemeine Sprachwissenschaft*. Herausgegeben von F. Techmer. Bd. 1, Hft. 2. Leipzig: Bant. London: Trübner & Co.

(19) *Nordische Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Erwin Bauer. Bd. 1, Hft. 1. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(1) *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique*. Par A. de Pontmartin. Quatrième série. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(2) *Mémoires du Marquis de Sourches*. Tome III. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *M. Pasteur: histoire d'un savant par un ignorant*. Paris: Hetzel.

(4) *Autour du monde*. Par Georges Kohn. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

the doctor Bazárov he has an admiration, in which we imagine very few readers of Turgéniev's powerful and painful tale will share. The fathers, it is true, are foolish; but there is something generous and kindly in their folly, whereas the sons are prigs. Bazárov is not only a prig but a boor, and a very stolidly concealed specimen of the genus. The case of such men is hopeless. Mr. Jerrold is to be thanked for his prefatory note on the proper spelling of Russian names. He points out that most of our forms have been taken at second-hand from Frenchmen or Germans, and that they do not fairly represent the original to English ears. Moreover, they generally contain a number of superfluous letters.

Klytia (2), which Mr. Corran has translated from the German of G. Taylor, is a fairly good specimen of the historical novel. The heroine, Lydia, is the daughter of Erasmus, the gentleman who has vexed the soul of so many ardent Churchmen. She is called Klytia because she is wholly devoted to a suitor who is her Apollo. Her love is indeed an instance of *l'amour quand même*, for a meaner rascal than Paolo Laurenzano, the Apollo in question, we have seldom met. He is a Jesuit priest, who acts as a spy and mischief-maker in the Palatinate, disguised as a Calvinist preacher. He tries to seduce Lydia; and he does succeed in getting her and her father into terrible troubles, including trials for high treason, witchcraft, and perils of the rack. In the end he is hoist with his own petard; but repents, becomes a Calvinist in earnest, and is very wrongly rewarded by marriage with the beautiful Lydia. The translation appears moderately good.

The Psychical Research Society has not toiled in vain. It has so far revived the interest in ghosts that a new volume of stories about them has seemed a timely speculation to the enterprising publisher. Mr. Ingram has executed the work. His collection (3) is a handy volume, full of tales about the reappearance of somebody's defunct grandmother and curious noises in the back kitchen. It contains many familiar yarns, told in the usual way, and some which are, as far as we know, comparatively new. None of them are absolutely new, for the simple reason that there are only about three types of ghost story, of which the others are variations. Servants' followers, hysteria, and heavy suppers account for the vast majority.

Soldiers' Stories and Sailors' Yarns (4) is an agreeable change from the stupid monotony of tales about the supernatural. It is an excellent book for boys, and even for "grown-ups" who have preserved a healthy taste for reading about perils by sea and land. It is full of fights with villainous Italians or treacherous Mexicans. Daring heroes and lovely damsels abound. Romantic-looking scraps of Spanish are scattered about. Our friend the shark also plays his part.

In his criticisms of our National Drink Bill (5) Mr. Hoyle proves two things in the most conclusive possible way. He shows that a great deal of money is spent on intoxicating liquors in these islands. Further, he quotes various well-known pieces of evidence in support of the proposition that a great many people make beasts of themselves by habits of intemperance. These things are thus—the more the pity—but at the sight of books like Mr. Hoyle's we cannot help asking who denied it? and of what use is it to come forward with demonstrations of the perfectly well known so late in the day? Mr. Hoyle seems to think it is of use, or so we gather from his last chapter on "Social Legislation." To our mind he is far from proving his case. His chapter contains little beyond the usual platitudes about the true meaning of liberty, our duty to our neighbour, and the inevitable quotations from J. S. Mill, who is, as we know, quotable for or against any given fact. Like all his party, Hoyle is perfectly incapable of seeing that the temperance movement exists because the nation is growing more temperate. It is the effect and not the cause. We should like to know what Mr. Hoyle and his friends make of the fact that the most temperate people in Europe are wine-drinkers to the hilt in arms. Every Spaniard takes the very alcoholic wines of the country three or more times a day, and yet it is possible to live for years among them and not see three drunken men. Does Mr. Hoyle think that the Neapolitan, who is no wine-bibber, is in a more hopeful state than the Dane or Swede who consumes more gallons of alcohol in a year than any other European?

India (6), as we are reminded whenever the India Budget comes to be debated, is a poor country. It is a fact concerning which there is no doubt, but Mr. Daniels proves that it is not for want of the sign of wealth. There is, it seems, no less a sum than 200,000,000*l.* in gold hoarded by our native fellow-subjects. How to get this bullion into circulation is the problem which the author sets himself to solve. In his first part Mr. Daniels gives an interesting sketch of the early trade of India.

Books about gardening are very apt to be little more than

(2) *Klytia: a Story of Heidelberg Castle*. By George Taylor. From the German by S. F. Corran. Leipzig: B. Tauchnitz. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(3) *The Haunted Homes and Family Traditions of Great Britain*. By John H. Ingram. London: Allen & Co.

(4) *Soldiers' Stories and Sailors' Yarns*. London: Allen & Co.

(5) *Our National Drink Bill*. By William Hoyle. Glasgow: James Hamilton.

(6) *The Gold Treasure of India*. By Clarmont Daniels, B.C.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

advertisements in disguise. Mr. John Wood's work on *Hardy Perennials* (7) is an exception to the rule. He gives a great many details, and much practical information in a clear way.

Glasgow is certainly important enough to deserve a *Battle of Dorking* all to itself, and an anonymous patriot has supplied the want. The author of *How Glasgow Ceased to Flourish* (8) tells how in the year 1890 the great city on the Clyde was surprised by a Russian squadron and "sair mis-handlt." The moral is that we should strengthen our coast defences, and a very good moral too. The tale is well told, although it is here and there a trifle long-winded.

Captain de Carteret-Bisson's well-known work on *Our Schools and Colleges* (9) has reached an eighth edition, revised and much extended, for it now includes a volume on girls' schools.

To make a Cyclopædia in one volume is a little like the proverbially difficult feat of putting a quart of liquor into a pint pot. There may be a great many useful facts noted in such a thing, but it is sure to be incomplete and therefore next to useless. Messrs. Cassell's *Concise Cyclopædia* (10) is no proof of the contrary. "Cannon" is disposed of in eighteen lines, illustrated by two little pictures of an Armstrong gun. In this case concision means utterly superficial, and it is no exception. The illustrations include some of the blackest little woodcuts ever seen.

We have received the third part of Mr. Graves's excellent new edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (11).

The 171st volume of Debreit's *Peerage* (12) has been published by Dean & Son, and with it the companion volume, Debreit's *Illustrated House of Commons and the Judicial Bench* (13).

(7) *Hardy Perennials and Old-Fashioned Garden Flowers*. By John Wood. London: Upcott Gill.

(8) *How Glasgow Ceased to Flourish*. A Tale, 1890. Glasgow: Wilson & McCormick.

(9) *Our Schools and Colleges*. By F. S. Dumaresq de Carteret-Bisson. 2 vols. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

(10) *Cassell's Concise Cyclopædia*. By William Heaton. Cassell & Co. Limited.

(11) *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*. Edited by R. E. Graves. London: Bell & Sons.

(12) *Debreit's Peerage, Baronage, Knighthood, and Companionage*. Edited by Robert H. Mair, LL.D. London: Dean & Son. 1884.

(13) *Debreit's Illustrated House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*. London: Dean & Son. 1884.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10*s.* 4*d.*, or \$7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher, Mr. DAVID JONES, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to Mr. B. F. STEVENS, American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.

FRANCE.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. FOTHERINGHAM, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, Paris, and 60 Rue d'Antibes, Cannes.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday Mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any Newagent, on the day of publication.

Now ready, VOLUME LVI., bound in cloth, price 16*s.* Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes, price 2*s.* each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2*s.* 6*d.* each. May be had at the Office, or through any Bookseller.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any Newagent in Town or Country on application to the Publisher.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

Contents of No. 1481, March 15, 1884.

EGYPT.
 London Municipal Reform. Russia at Merv.
 The Pleasures of the Chase. American Diplomacy. In or Out of Parliament?
 Criminal Information. The Fall of Bac Ninh.
 The Parks Railway.

"THE OTHER TENNIS."
 The Swiss Cantal. Old Rhine Wines. Papal Poets.
 School Managers. Japan's Foreign Relations.
 The Crystal Palace Concerts—Mr. Cowen's Song Recital. Signor Salvini.
 Don't Drive. Recitals and Entertainments.
 The Probable Surplus.

THE NEW BOSWELL.
 Five Novels. Chronicles of the Reigns of Edward I. and Edward II.
 Indian Raising Reminiscences. A Life of Herder. Lancashire Gleanings.
 The Cup and the Falcon. Recent Music. German Literature.
 French Literature. New Books and Reprints.

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"THE VALE OF TEARS." DORE'S LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 30 New Bond Street, with "Christ Leaving the Praetorium," and his other great Pictures. From Ten to Six daily. 1s.

THE ANNUAL SPRING EXHIBITION OF PICTURES by ENGLISH and CONTINENTAL ARTISTS, including M. Fortuny's Picture, "In the Vatican," is NOW OPEN, at ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS' NEW GALLERIES, 5 and 6 Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre. Admission, 1s., including Catalogue.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—Subscription, One Guinea. Every Subscriber receives an impression of a grand Historical Plate by C. W. SHARPE, after A. Kneller, R.A., THE TULLIERIES, 26th JUNE, 1793, besides a chance of one of the numerous valuable Prizes. The LIST will CLOSE March 31. The Print is now ready.
 EDMUND E. ANTHONY, Hon. Secs.
 113 Strand, February 1884. ZOUCH TROUGHTON.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL and UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1884. To be held at the CRYSTAL PALACE. The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, London, will hold at the Crystal Palace an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific, Agricultural, and Industrial Products. The Exhibition will be opened on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1884, and will remain open for a period of at least six months. Prospectuses, entry forms, and all information may be obtained from the Executive Commissioner, or any of the Official Agents. The arrangements for the Fine Arts Section are under the direction of Mr. J. Forbes Robertson, 22 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, W.C.

GEORGE COLLINS LEVEY, Executive Commissioner,
 19 and 21 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.
 G. GORDON CLEATHER, Manager, Crystal Palace, S.E.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM. The CHAIR of MATHEMATICS and PHYSICS will shortly be vacant, in consequence of the resignation of Professor GARRETT. Salary, £400 per annum, with a portion of the fees. Applications and Testimonials to be sent to me on or before March 25. Further particulars and conditions will be sent on application to the Honorary Secretary, SAM. GEO. JOHNSON, Town Clerk, Nottingham.
 March, 1884.

THE MASON SCIENCE COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM. The CHAIR of MATHEMATICS in this College will shortly be vacant, in consequence of the appointment of Professor Hill to the Chair of Mathematics in University College, London. Stipend, £200 per annum, plus two-thirds of the fees from Day Students, and the whole of the fees from Evening Students. The successful Candidate will be expected to enter on his duties on October 1 next. Applications should be sent to the undersigned, on or before April 26 next. By a resolution of the Council, Candidates are especially requested to abstain from canvassing. Further particulars may be obtained from: GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIP, without Examination.—The HIBBERT TRUSTEES are prepared to grant, at their Meeting in June next, ONE SCHOLARSHIP of £200 per annum for Two years to a Graduate of any University in Great Britain and Ireland, between the ages of 21 and 26, to enable him to study Theology and Mental and Moral Philosophy at Universities in Germany, Holland, or Switzerland (or elsewhere), subject to the approval of the Trustees. Full particulars may be obtained of the Secretary, to whom applications for the Scholarship must be forwarded before April 12, 1884. PERCY LAWFORD, Secretary.
 University Hall, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—NEXT TERM begins Tuesday, April 29.—Apply to the PRINCIPAL.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight £40; Four £20. Election third Tuesday in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS.—Nine or more open to Competition at Midsummer 1884, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £50 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEADMASTER or SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

BRUCE CASTLE SCHOOL, Tottenham. Head-Master—Rev. W. ALMACK, M.A. In Lower School Boys can be specially trained for Public Schools; in Upper, for any Class; or Free Examination, Business or Professional Life. Splendid Grounds and Buildings. Fees moderate.

RADLEY COLLEGE.—ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS at least; value £20, £20, £20, and £20, respectively, on June 30. For Boys under Fourteen on January 1, 1884.—For further particulars, apply to THE REV. THE WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

EDUCATION, BASLE, SWITZERLAND.—An ABERDEEN GRADUATE receives at Easter TWO BOYS as BOARDERS whose parents wish to give them the advantage of a sound preparatory education at a Swiss Public School. The schools of Basle are acknowledged to be the best in Switzerland. Home lessons carefully supervised and every assistance given to all who require it. For further information, address, Dr. HAY, 17 St. Jacobstrasse, Basle, Switzerland.

EDUCATION in FRANCE.—A few ENGLISH BOARDERS, above sixteen, are received by M. MICHAUD, at Dijon. Highest references in France and England.

HALLIFORD PREPARATORY SCHOOL, SHEPPERTON, near London.—HENRY ST. CLAIR FEILDEN, M.A. (Eton and C.C.C., Oxford) and MALCOLM HEARD, M.A. (Clifton and C.C.C., Oxford, late Assistant-Master at Sedburgh) prepare BOYS for the Public Schools. For Prospectus and references apply to H. ST. CLAIR FEILDEN, Esq., Halliford, Middlesex. NEXT TERM begins May 2.

EDUCATION at the SEASIDE.—SEAFIELD SCHOOL, NEW BRIGHTON, Cheshire.—Preparatory for BOYS. Miss STALEY (Cambridge Higher Honour Certificate) and Miss BLANCHE STALEY (Degree Certificate in Honours, Girton College, Cambridge) receive a limited number to prepare for the Public and other Schools. Special arrangements for the Sons of the Clergy. Prospectus on application, with the names of references, including eminent University Professors, Parents of Pupils, &c.

ELECTRICITY AND TELEGRAPHY. WIMBLEDON SCHOOL. Head-Masters—Rev. CHARLES J. WYNNE, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford; Rev. J. M. EUSTACE, M.A., St. John's College.

The Education is sound and thorough, and adapted to the requirements of the present day. The School Register contains a list of successes for Woolwich, Sandhurst, the Universities, India Civil, and other Competitive Examinations. A Special Class is now formed for practical instruction in ELECTRICITY and TELEGRAPHY, under the charge of a practical Electrical Engineer. References with respect to this class are specially permitted to Sir J. W. Basalgette, C.B., Metropolitan Board of Works; W. H. Preece, Esq., F.R.S., Electrician to H.M. Post Office; H. C. Forde, Esq., Wimbledon; Claude Webster, Esq., Athenaeum Club, S.W.

ARTISTIC PARTNERSHIP for SALE (Half Share). Drawing and Painting, Teaching, Practice.—Address, M. 27, care of C. BISHALL, Advertising Agent, Liverpool.

SCHOOL BOARD EXPENDITURE.

TO THE HOUSEHOLDERS, OFFICE-HOLDERS, WAREHOUSEMEN, AND MUNICIPAL ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

On March 17, at Two o'clock, a PUBLIC MEETING will be held at the Mansion House, to protest against the enormous increase of the School Board Rate in the City of London.

The sum required to be levied in the City for the School Board during the Year 1883 was £198,394.

In the same year the total sum required by the Commissioners of Sewers for City Improvements, Paving, Cleansing, Lighting, Sanitary Works, &c., and for the School Board Rate, which they also collect, was £250,000, or at the rate of 1s. 8d. in the £, of which the School Board had 7½d. in the £.

For the current year it is understood the School Board will require 8½d. thereby necessitating the levying of 1s. 10d. instead of 1s. 1½d. in the £.

Large bodies of the Tenantry of the City do not directly pay this Rate, but as their Landlords, of necessity, add it to their Rent, they are as much interested, or even more, than the actual disburers of the money, especially as most Office-holders' tenures are of very short duration.

At the present rate of increase we may very soon expect to have to raise a Shilling in the £ for the School Board, and all City underlettings must obviously be increased at least 5 per cent. in order to recoup Landlords the increased rate.

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea, Esplanade, and West Pier. Central and quiet. Long established. Complete organisation. Spacious Coffee-rooms and large Reading-rooms for Ladies and for Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel. Communicative and inquiries will receive prompt attention from BENJAMIN DULL, Manager.

THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—With mild Winter Climate of Western Devon. Rooms facing South, overlooking Hilly Gardens, specially fitted for Winter use. Reduced Tariff from November 1.—Address, MANAGER, Ilfracombe, Devon.

APOLLINARIS

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

"Dilute your wine with Apollinaris Water, which can be relied on for its purity and wholesomeness."

Daily News, April 17, 1882.

SPECTACLES v. BLINDNESS.

IMPERFECTLY adapted Spectacles are the cause of most cases of Blindness and defective vision. Mr. H. LAURANCE, F.R.S., Oculist Optician, 1A OLD BOND STREET (late 38), has made the adaptation of Spectacles his special and sole study for upwards of thirty years. Testimonials from Earl Lindsay, Sir Julius Benedict, F. D. Dixon Hartland, Esq., M.P., Thomas Cook, Esq., the well-known Tourist Agent, &c. Pamphlet containing valuable suggestions, post free.

City Branches—5 POULTRY; and 25 FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE or APARTMENTS THROUGHOUT on MOORE'S HIRE SYSTEM. The original, best, and most liberal. Founded A.D. 1868. Cash Prices; no extra charge for time given. Large, useful Stock to select from. Illustrated priced Catalogue, with Terms, post free.—20, 24, and 31 Tottenham Court Road, and 19, 20, and 21 Morwell Street, W. Established 1863.

For the safe and orderly keeping of all LETTERS and PAPERS, manuscript or printed, use

STONE'S PATENT BOXES.

A SAMPLE BOX, with Illustrated Catalogue of all Sizes and Prices, sent by PARCELS POST to any address in the United Kingdom on the receipt of 2s. 6d. in Stamps or Postal Order, payable to

HENRY STONE, Manufacturer and Patentee, BANBURY.

HEAL & SON.—BEDSTEADS.

HEAL & SON.—BEDDING.

HEAL & SON.—BEDROOM FURNITURE.

HEAL & SON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with 900 Designs and Price List of Bedding, sent free by post.
 136 to 138 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

THE COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE COMPANY.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1882).	
Capital fully subscribed	£7,500,000
Capital paid up	£250,000
Life Fund in Special Trust for Life Policy Holders exceeds ..	£400,000
Other Funds	£363,000
TOTAL INVESTED FUNDS UPWARDS OF TWO MILLIONS.	
Total Annual Premium Income exceeds	£1,007,000
CHIEF OFFICES—19 and 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.	
WEST END OFFICE—5 FILL, MALL, LONDON, S.W.	

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836.
FIRE AND LIFE. AT HOME AND ABROAD.
LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN—3 KING STREET.

Fire Premiums	£460,100
Life Premiums	£81,500
Interest	£121,000
Accumulated Funds	£2,749,400

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C. 1 and 22 FILL MALL, S.W.
Capital, £1,600,000. Paid-up and Invested, £1,000,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.

LOMBARD STREET AND CHANCERY CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782.
Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.
Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.

JOHN J. BROOMFIELD, Secretary.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established by Royal Charter, A.D. 1780.
7 ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C., AND 55 PARLIAMENT STREET, S.W.

Marine, Fire, and Life Assurances have been granted by the Corporation for more than a century and a half.
Funds in hand exceed £3,000,000.

64 CORNHILL.—Perils abound on every side! The RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY insures against Accidents of all kinds, on Land or Water, and has the Largest Invested Capital, the Largest Income, and pays yearly the Largest Amount of Compensation of any Accidental Assurance Company. *Chairman, HARVEY M. FARQUHAR, Esq.*—Apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, the Local Agents, or West-end Office, 9 Grand Hotel Buildings, Chancery Cross, or at the Head Office, 61 Cornhill, London, E.C. *W. VIAN, Sec.*

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE, 50 Regent Street, London, W.

City Branch—14 Cornhill, E.C. Founded 1866.
REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS, presented at the 7th ANNUAL MEETING at the Office, on Wednesday, January 30, 1884.

The Directors have to report that the transactions of the Provident Life Office during the year 1883 have been highly satisfactory.

Proposals for new Assurances amounting to £579,000 were received. Policies for £575,500 were issued and taken up, producing new annual Premiums amounting to £19,770, as against £19,311 for the previous year. These Assurances and new annual Premiums respectively represent the actual net amount. No re-assurances were effected during the year.

The Proposals, declined and not completed, amounted to £102,500.
The Claims for the year were £102,552, being £29,416 more than the corresponding sum for 1882. The annual income is now £216,571, being an increase of £4,506.

During the year the sum of £19,200 was paid for the surrender of Policies. The values paid upon Bonus Policies ranged from 33 per cent.—the minimum surrender value—to as much as 105 per cent. of the Premiums received.

The total Funds of the Office on December 31 last were £2,283,364, being an increase of £24,107, a result very satisfactory considering the special extra payments required to be made on account of the recent division of Profits. The average interest realized was 44 56. 6d. per cent., as against 44. 6d. during 1882.

The large measure of public support received by the Provident Life Office—as shown in the still increasing amount of new business—is gratifying evidence that persons desirous of effecting Assurances are wisely alive to the advantages given by an Office which has all the experience to be gained from a successful existence of seventy-eight years, and which is ready to adapt its practice to the requirements of the present day.

W. S. BEAUMONT, Chairman.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, Limited.—NOTICE

is hereby given that the RATE OF INTEREST allowed at the Head Office and Branches of this Bank on Deposits, subject to Seven days' notice of withdrawal, is this day reduced to TWO PER CENT. per annum.

W. F. NARRAWAY, General Manager.

Princes Street, Mansion House,
March 13, 1884.

HUNYADI JÁNOS.

"The Best Natural Aperient Water."
LONDON MEDICAL RECORD.

"Certain and painless, soft and mild."
Professor Von GARTNER, Stuttgart.

"Most pleasant to the palate."
Professor Von NUSSBAUM, Munich.

The name of the "APOLLINARIS COMPANY, LIMITED,"
on the Label secures genuineness.

Of all Chemists and Mineral Water Dealers, at 1s. 6d. & 2s. per bottle.

DIPLOMA OF HONOUR (HIGHEST AWARD)
AMSTERDAM EXHIBITION, 1883.

FRY'S FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.

"A most delicious and valuable article."
Standard.

COCOA. FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.

PURE COCOA ONLY.
"Strictly pure." W. W. STODART.
F.I.C., F.C.S., City and Sub. Bristol.
SEVENTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

BOOKS, &c.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—The following NUMBERS
of THE SATURDAY REVIEW are required, for which 6d. each will be given, viz.,
1, 2, 12, 15, 16, 451, 452, and 628 (clean copies)—at the Office, 38 Southampton Street,
Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.—WANTED, clean copies of
Nos 139, 155, and 1263, for which 1s. each will be given at the Office, 38 Southampton
Street, Strand, W.C.

ALL THE BEST NEW BOOKS ARE IN
CIRCULATION AT

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

Hundreds, and in some instances Thousands, of Copies of the Leading
Books of the past Thirty Years have been placed in circulation at MUDIE'S
SELECT LIBRARY on the day of publication.

Fresh Copies of all New Works of General Interest are added from day to
day as the demand increases, and an ample supply is provided of all the
Principal Forthcoming Books as they are issued from the press.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

ONE GUINEA PER ANNUM AND UPWARDS,

According to the number of Volumes required; or

TWO GUINEAS PER ANNUM,

For the Free Delivery of Books in any part of London.

BOOK SOCIETIES SUPPLIED ON LIBERAL TERMS.

Prospectuses postage free on application.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, Limited, New Oxford Street,
281 REGENT STREET, AND 2 KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW sent by post at following rates

	per annum, paid in advance:
Any part of the United Kingdom	£1 8 2
India and China	1 12 6
Other British Colonies, Europe, Egypt, and America	1 10 6

STEEL & JONES, 4 Spring Gardens, London, S.W.

AUSTRALIA.—THE SUMMARIES of the MELBOURNE,
SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, and other PAPERS, especially prepared for Europe, are on
SALE at STREET'S General Newspaper Office, 30 Cornhill, E.C., on the arrival of the
various Mails.

AN ELEMENTARY SYSTEM OF SOCIALISM, Theoretical
and Practical. By a DISCIPLE of MR. H. GEORGE.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. Oxford: A. THOS. SHREMPSTON & SON.

Now ready, with numerous Woodcuts, 4 Plates, and Portrait, 56s.

THE SCIENTIFIC PAPERS of J. P. JOULE, D.C.L., F.R.S.

Volume I. published by the Physical Society of London.
Members who have paid their Subscriptions for the current year are entitled to this publication.
TAYLOR & FRANCIS, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

Just published, crown 8vo. 364 pp. 7s. 6d.

THE HEAVENLY BODIES: their Nature and Habita-
bility. By WILLIAM MILLER, S.S.C., Edinburgh, Author of "Wintering in the
Beliers."

"A very able and careful summary of the most recent results of astronomical research. His
book is clever, interesting, and informative."—*Scotiana*.
"He writes in an excellent spirit. Some collateral questions are handled in a way which
demands attention, and will well repay it."—*Nature*.

London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 Paternoster Row.

NEW WORK ON AGNOSTICISM.

This day, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

IS GOD KNOWABLE? By J. IVERACH, M.A., Aberdeen,
Author of "The Life of Moses." (Theological Library.)
London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 Paternoster Row.

This day, the SEVENTH EDITION (Eleventh Thousand) of

NATURAL LAW in the SPIRITUAL WORLD. By HENRY

DEUMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. 7s. 6d.
"Most able and interesting. Mr. Drummond writes perfect English; his ideas are fresh, and
expressed with admirable facility."—*Literary Churchman*.
London: HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27 Paternoster Row.

Second Edition, 275 pp. 2s.

SLIGHT AILMENTS; their Nature and Treatment. By
LIONEL S. BEALE, F.R.S., Professor of Medicine in King's College, London.
London: J. & A. CHURCHILL.

Now ready, Fifty-fourth Edition, 2s.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE. By A LADY.
The Original Authorized Edition, brought down to the Present Time.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

Just published, Second Edition, 8vo. 12s. 6d.

REVELATION and MODERN THEOLOGY CONTRASTED;
or, the Simplicity of the Apostolic Gospel Demonstrated. By the Rev. C. A. ROW,
M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's.

By the Same, Third Edition, 8vo. 12s. 6d.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES VIEWED IN RELATION to
MODERN THOUGHT. (The Bampton Lectures for 1877.)

Also, by the Same, Third Edition, crown 8vo. 6s.

THE JESUS of the EVANGELISTS: an Examination of the
Internal Evidence of Our Lord's Divine Mission.

"The most complete example in our language of an exceedingly important method of argu-
ment, which no other English apologist has grasped and stated so fully and so ably."
Literary Churchman.

London: F. NORGATE, 7 King Street, Covent Garden.

8vo. 12s.

GERMAN CULTURE and CHRISTIANITY; their Contro-
versy in the Time 1770-1860. By JOSEPH GOSWICK.
"An instructive and most useful volume."—*Literary Churchman*.

London: F. NORGATE, 7 King Street, Covent Garden.

Second Edition, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE LEGENDS and THEORIES of the BUDDHISTS,
compared with History and Science; with Introductory Notice of the Life and System
of Gotama Buddha. By R. SPENCER HASLOR, Author of "A Manual of Buddhism" &c.
London: F. NORGATE, 7 King Street, Covent Garden.

DESIGN for a THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE: Soane Medallion
Prize.—See THE BUILDER for this week. Also Design for Victor Emmanuel
Monument; Details of Cloister, Hatfield, New Market, Burton-on-Trent; Articles on the
Master of Enduring Building; Architectural Draughtsmanship; Mr. E. J. Foynter, R.A., on
Sculpture; The Architecture of English Fiction; In the Mersey Tunnel; The Building of
Town Houses; St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate, &c. &c.; by post, 4d. Annual Subscrip-
tion, 10s.—46 Catherine Street. And all Newsmen.

WM. H. ALLEN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

Will be published next week, the Third and concluding Volume of the

HISTORY OF CHINA

(The Events of the present Century).

By DEMETRIUS CHARLES BOULGER,

Author of "England and Russia in Central Asia" &c.

THOUGHTS on SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL

PLAYS. By the Hon. A. S. G. CANNING, Author of "Macaulay, Essayist and Historian," "Philosophy of Dickens," &c. 8vo. 12s.

SKETCHES of SOCIAL LIFE in INDIA. By C. T.

BUCKLAND, F.Z.S., Father of the Bengal Civil Service in 1861. Crown 8vo. price 6s.

A LADY'S LIFE on a FARM in MANITOBA. By

Mrs. ORCIL HALL. Fcp. 2s. 6d.

GILDA AURIFABRORUM: a History of London

Goldsmiths and Plateworkers, with their Marks stamped on Plate, copied in facsimile from celebrated examples; and the Earliest Records preserved at Goldsmiths' Hall, London, their Names, Addresses, and Dates of Entry. By WILLIAM CHAFFERS, Author of "Hall Marks on Plate." 8vo. with 2,500 Illustrations, 12s.

THE RUSSIANS at MERV and HERAT and their

POWER of INVADING INDIA. By CHARLES MARVIN, late Special Correspondent of the "Morning Post." 8vo. with Maps and Illustrations, 34s.

THE CHOTTS of TUNIS; or, the Great Inland Sea

of North Africa in Ancient Times. By Captain E. DUMERGUE, Retired H.M.I. Army, M.R.A.Soc., M. Leyden Society of Orientalists. Crown 8vo. with Map, 2s. 6d.

Also, by the same Author, preparing for the press.

EASTER ISLAND, the GOAL of SOLOMON'S

SHIPS for OPHIR; with a Translation of the Stone Inscription as seen in Lady Brancey's "Sunbeam."

THE MANAGEMENT and TREATMENT of the

HORSE in the STABLE, FIELD, and on the ROAD. By WILLIAM PROCTOR, Stud Groom. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo. illustrated, 6s.

HALF-HOURS with the STARS: a Plain and Easy

Guide to the Knowledge of the Constellations, showing in Twelve Maps the principal Star-Groups Night after Night throughout the Year. True for every Year. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., &c., Author of "Half-Hours with the Telescope" &c. New Edition, Seventeenth Thousand, 4to. 3s. 6d.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES of GENERAL

SKOBELEFF. By NEMIROVITCH-DANTCHENKO. Translated by E. BRAYLEY HODGKINS. 8vo. with Three Portraits, 10s. 6d.

FIRST LOVE and PUNIN and BABURIN. By

IVAN TURGENEV, D.C.L. Translated from the Russian, by the permission of the Author, with Biographical Introduction, by SIDNEY JERROLD. Crown 8vo. with Portrait, 6s.

MY MUSICAL LIFE. By the Rev. H. R. HAWES,

Author of "Music and Morals." Crown 8vo. with Portraits, &c. 12s.

THE HAUNTED HOMES and FAMILY TRADI-

TIONS of GREAT BRITAIN. By JOHN H. INGHAM. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A HISTORY of the INDIAN MUTINY, and of the

Disturbances which accompanied it among the Civil Population. By T. R. F. HOLMES. 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 21s.

THE LIFE of MAJOR-GEN. SIR HENRY MARION

DURAND, K.C.S.I., C.B., of the Royal Engineers. By H. M. DURAND, C.S.I., of the Bengal Civil Service, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.

CAPTAIN MUSAFIR'S RAMBLES in ALPINE

LANDS. By Colonel G. B. MALLISON, C.S.I. 4to. Illustrated by G. Strangman Hancock, 10s. 6d.

FIFTY-SEVEN: Some Account of the Administra-

tion of Indian Districts during the Revolt of the Bengal Army. By HENRY GEORGE KENNE, C.I.E., M.R.A.S., Author of "The Fall of the Mughal Empire." 8vo. 6s.

TROPICAL TRIALS: a Handbook for Women in

the Tropics. By Major S. LEIGH HUNT, Madras Army, and ALEX. S. KENNY, M.R.C.S.E. &c. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE MIDDLE KINGDOM: a Survey of the

Geography, Government, Literature, Social Life, Arts, and History of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, LL.D. Professor of the Chinese Language and Literature at Yale College. Author of Tonic and Syllabic Dictionaries of the Chinese Language. Revised Edition, 2 vols. demy 8vo. with 74 Illustrations and a New Map of the Empire, 42s.

AN ALMANACK of the CHRISTIAN ERA; con-

taining a Legitimate Prediction of the Weather, Disasters by Wind and Rain, Shipwrecks and River Floods, Prognostics of the Harvest, Havoc by Vermin and Infection, Famines and Panics, Electrical Disturbances, Calamities by Earthquakes and Volcanic Eruptions, with much that is important or Curious. A Record of the Past and Glimpses into the Future, based on Solar Physics. By A. H. SWINBOR, Author of "Insect Variety" &c. 8vo. 6s.

NATIVE LIFE in TRAVANCORE. With numerous

Illustrations and Map. By the Rev. FAMEL MAYEEN, of the London Missionary Society, Author of the "Land of Charity." 8vo. 12s.

THE DECISIVE BATTLES of INDIA, from 1746

to 1819 inclusive. With a Portrait of the Author, a Map, and 3 Plans. By Colonel G. B. MALLISON, C.S.I., Author of "The Life of Lord Clive" &c. 8vo. 12s.

INDIAN SNAKE POISONS: their Nature and

Effects. By A. J. WALL, M.D. London, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, of the Medical Staff of H.M.'s Indian Army. Crown 8vo. 6s.

LONDON: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

SPRING TOURS.

WINTERS ABROAD: Some Information

respecting Places visited by the Author on account of his Health. Intended for the Use and Guidance of Invalids. By R. H. OTTER, M.A. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

AUSTRALIA:
MELBOURNE,
TASMANIA,
SYDNEY,
QUEENSLAND.

THE RIVERINA.
ALGIERS.
EGYPT.
DAVOS.
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

HANDBOOK—FRANCE, Part I: Normandy, Brittany, The Seine and Loire, Touraine, Bordeaux, Biarritz, Pau, and The Pyrénées. With Maps, 7s. 6d.

HANDBOOK—FRANCE, Part II: Central and Southern France, Auvergne, The Rhônes and Saône, Provence, Nîmes, Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, Hyères, Cannes, Nice, Mentone. Post 8vo. with Maps, price 7s. 6d.

HANDBOOK—SWITZERLAND—The Alps of Savoy and Piedmont, Davos, &c. The Italian Lakes and Part of Dauphiné. In Two Parts. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 10s.

ITALY.

HANDBOOK—NORTH ITALY—Turin, Milan, The Italian Lakes, Brescia, Verona, Mantua, Padua, Venice, Bologna, Ravenna, Genoa, The Riviera, &c. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 10s.

HANDBOOK—CENTRAL ITALY—Florence, Lucca, Tuscany, Umbria, The Marches, and the late Patrimony of St. Peter. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 10s.

HANDBOOK—ROME and its ENVIRONS. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 10s.

HANDBOOK—SOUTH ITALY—Naples and its Environs, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius; Sorrento; Capri, &c.; Amalfi, Pastum, Pozzuoli, Capua, Taranto, Bari; Brindisi and the Roads from Rome to Naples. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 10s.

THE MEDITERRANEAN, SYRIA, &c.

HANDBOOK—MEDITERRANEAN: Forming a Complete Guide to its Principal Islands, Cities, Seaports, Harbours, &c., for Travellers and Yachtsmen. Second Edition, revised. Post 8vo. with 20 Maps, and Plans, 20s.

HANDBOOK—ALGERIA and TUNIS—Algiers, Constantine, Oran, The Atlas Range, &c. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 10s.

HANDBOOK—SPAIN—The Castiles, The Basque Provinces, Leon, The Asturias, Galicia, Extremadura, Andalusia, Bonda, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, Catalonia, Aragon, Navarre, The Balearic Islands, &c. &c. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 20s.

HANDBOOK—GREECE—The Ionian Islands, Continental Greece, Athens, The Peloponnese, The Islands of the Egean Sea, Albania, Thessaly, and Macedonia. Post 8vo. with Maps, Plans, and Views.

HANDBOOK—EGYPT—The Course of the Nile through Egypt and Nubia, Alexandria, Cairo, The Pyramids, and Thebes, The Suez Canal, The Peninsula of Sinai, The Oases, The Fyoom, &c. In Two Parts. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 12s.

HANDBOOK—HOLY LAND—Syria, Palestine, Sinai, Edom, The Syrian Desert, Jerusalem, Petra, Damascus, and Palmyra. Post 8vo. with Maps and Plans, 20s.

*• HANDBOOK TRAVELLING MAP of PALESTINE. In a case, 12s.

INDIA.

With Maps, complete in 4 vols. post 8vo.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOKS for TRAVELLERS and RESIDENTS in BRITISH INDIA. By E. B. EASTWICK, C.B., F.R.S., F.S.A.

I.—BOMBAY—Poona, Beejapoor, Kolapoor, Goa, Jubulpoor, Indore, Surat, Baroda, Ahmedabad, Somanath, Kurrachee, Mount Abo, &c. With Map, 12s.

II.—MADRAS—Trichinopoly, Madura, Tinnevely, Tuticorin, Bangalore, Mysore, The Nilgiris, Wynand, Ootacamund, Calicut, Hyderabad, Ajanta, Elura Caves, &c. With Map, 12s.

III.—BENGAL—Calcutta, Orissa, British Burmah, Rangoon, Moulmein, Mandalay, Darjiling, Dacca, Patna, Gaya, Benares, N.-W. Provinces, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Gwalior, Naini Tal, Delhi, Khatmandu, &c. With Map, 20s.

IV.—The PUNJAB—Amraoti, Indore, Ajmir, Jaypur, Rohtak, Saharanpur, Ambala, Ludiana, Lahore, Kulu, Simla, Sialkot, Peshawar, Rawul Pindi, Attock, Karachi, Sibi, &c. With Maps, 12s.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

POPULAR NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

DAWN. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. 3 vols.

A BEGGAR on HORSEBACK. By Mrs. POWELL O'DONOVAN, Author of "Ladies on Horseback" &c. 3 vols.

TO HAVE and to HOLD. By SARAH STREDDER, Author of "The Fate of a Year" &c. 3 vols.

MR. NOBODY. By Mrs. JOHN KENT SPENDER, Author of "Godwyn's Ordeal" &c. 3 vols.

ONLY YESTERDAY. By WILLIAM MARSHALL, Author of "Strange Chapman" &c. 3 vols.

THE PITY of IT. By Mrs. M. E. SMITH, Author of "Tit for Tat" &c. 3 vols. [Next week.]

HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, 15 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MISS HARDY'S NEW WORK.

Now ready, 1 vol. demy 8vo. 15s.

BETWEEN TWO OCEANS; or, Sketches of American Travel. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY.

HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, 15 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

"A thoroughly enjoyable novel."—*Morning Post*.

NEW AND CHEAP EDITION.

GLADYS FANE: the Story of Two Lives.

By T. WYNN REID, Author of "Charlotte Brontë, a Monograph" &c. 1 vol. crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

"There must be a word of welcome for a true master of the craft, a writer possessed of unusual powers both of conception and execution. A brilliant series of scenes and characters, sketched with wonderful vigour."—*Gardian*.

THIRD EDITION.

ARMINIUS VAMBERY: his Life and Adventures. Written by HIMSELF. Demy 8vo. with Woodbury Portrait and 14 Illustrations, cloth extra, 16s.

"A most fascinating work, full of interesting and curious experiences in the most varied countries and conditions of life."—*Contemporary Review*
"Never, perhaps, has the ethos of the traveller proper, who is not strictly a geographer, or a political agent, or a missionary, or a glorified bagman, or a filibuster, been better exemplified."—*Saturday Review*.

NOW READY.

OUR MODERN PHILOSOPHERS: Darwin, Bain, and Spencer; or, the Descent of Man, Mind and Body. A Rhyme with Reason, Notes, Essays, and Quotations. By PSYCHOSIS. Crown 8vo. cloth extra, 6s. 6d.

Illustrated Catalogues, 56 pp. post free.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

MESSRS. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS

Beg to announce that they have purchased the

COPYRIGHT, STOCK, AND STEREOTYPE PLATES

OF

DR. RAMAGE'S
BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS SERIES

AND HAVE NOW READY

New and Cheaper Editions of the above Works.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS from LATIN

AUTHORS, with English Translations. By CRAWFORD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D. Fourth Edition, considerably enlarged. Reduced from 7s. 6d. to 6s.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS from GREEK

AUTHORS, with English Translations. By CRAWFORD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D. Third Edition, Enlarged. Reduced from 7s. to 6s.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS from FRENCH

and ITALIAN AUTHORS, with English Translations. By CRAWFORD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D. Third Edition. Reduced from 7s. to 6s.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS from GERMAN

and SPANISH AUTHORS. By CRAWFORD TAIT RAMAGE, LL.D. New Revised Edition. Reduced from 7s. to 6s.

Also, uniform in size and price.

AN INDEX to FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

Selected principally from British Authors, with Parallel Passages from various Writers, Ancient and Modern. By J. C. GIBCOFT. Sixth Edition, much enlarged and carefully revised, 6s.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

Now ready, crown 8vo. price 7s. 6d. cloth.

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE. Edited by WILLIAM MUNK,

M.D. F.S.A. Fellow and late Senior Censor of the Royal College of Physicians.

This volume contains memoirs of the most famous London Physicians of the 18th and 19th centuries, their peculiarities, fees, journeys, income, &c. &c.

London, LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

POPULAR NEW NOVELS

AT EVERY LIBRARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOODED AND MARRIED."

NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS. By R. N.

CAREY, Author of "Barbara Heathcote's Trial," "Nellie's Memories," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GARDEN OF EDEN."

THE KNAVE of HEARTS. 3 vols.

"To deal successfully with absolutely inconsistent natures is among the novelist's chief triumphs; and in the present case the honour of a triumph has been fairly won. The story of the victim of the Knave of Hearts is thoroughly new, the plot is interesting, and the dissection of a group of singularly complex characters is carried out in a spirit of the strongest sympathy with all that is pure and true."—*Graphic*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SENIOR PARTNER."

SUSAN DRUMMOND. By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL,

Author of "The Mystery in Palace Gardens," "George Gelth," &c. 3 vols.
"Susan Drummond" is one of its author's best works."—*Spectator*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC," &c.

THIRLBY HALL. By W. E. NORRIS, Author

of "Heaps of Money" &c. 3 vols.

"Thirlby Hall" is the pleasantest and, taken altogether, the best novel I have read for many a long day; not merely for the plot plenty of backbone and interest, but the style is charming. There are two or three excellently drawn characters. Lady Caroline is a creation of which Thackeray would not have been ashamed."—*World*.
"Thirlby Hall" is full of good things. The book is to be heartily enjoyed and unreservedly recommended, only for the sake of Bunce and the butler."—*Standard*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WESTERN WILDFLOWER"

IN LONDON TOWN. 3 vols.

"This is a most sound, interesting, and healthy novel, and one that it is impossible to read without feeling the better for it."—*Academy*.
"The characters have been drawn with much artistic care. An unusually interesting story."—*Athenaeum*.

NEW ADDITION TO "BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS."

Ready this day, at all Booksellers.

LADY GRIZEL. By the Hon. LEWIS WING-

FIELD, Author of "Abigail Rowe" &c. New and Cheaper Edition, 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, 8 NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Now ready, fcp. 8vo. cloth limp, each 2s. 6d.

FLORENCE.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "Walks in Rome," "Days near Rome," &c.

VENICE.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LINCOLNSHIRE HEROINE."

At all the Libraries, 3 vols. post 8vo.

MEADOW-SWEET; or, the Wooing of Iphis.

A Pastoral. By EDWIN WHELFORD, Author of "A Lincolnshire Heroine."
"Mr. Whelford's story is redolent of the farmyards and fields of Lincolnshire. He has admirably caught the spirit as well as the details of rural life. Iphis Cowland makes an excellent heroine; and the deviations of her wooing, with her ultimate happiness, are worth following by the reader."—*Academy*.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE.

THIRD AND CHEAPER EDITION, 1 vol. 6s.

THE BRANDRETHS. By the Right Hon.

A. J. B. BURNESFORD HOPE, M.P., Author of "Strictly Tied Up."

From the ATHENEUM.

"The Brandreths" is a pleasant book to read. It is an unusual treat to the reader to find himself in the company of a man of the world who is also a man of knowledge and culture, and who possesses the power of writing with ease and with point. Mr. Hope's pictures of society and his analysis of character are all excellent. The political sketches and allusions are made with a good deal of humour."

From the SPECTATOR.

"The Brandreths" has all the charm of its predecessor. The great attraction of the novel is the easy, conversational, knowledgeable tone of it; the sketching from the life, and yet not so close to the life as to be malicious; men, women, periods, and events, to all of which intelligent readers can fit a name. The political and social sketches will naturally excite the chief interest among readers who will be attracted by the author's name and experience."

From the ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

"The Brandreths" is a clever and entertaining book. It contains much clever and picturesque writing. There is considerable skill, also, in the delineation of character, and the dialogue is natural and easy, polished and witty. Mr. Burnesford Hope draws largely from his experience of political and social life; and as a society novel his book has all the superiority to ordinary fictions of this class which may be derived from familiarity with the scenes and the people described."

From the STANDARD.

"There are many sayings in this work—many wise, many witty, many tender, many noble sayings—that we should wish to cite to our readers; but doubtless their pleasure will be greater in finding them out for themselves. It is a well planned and ably written story. The book is full of clever epigrams."

HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, 15 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

"In the diary of Samuel Pepys we have not only a wonderful picture of manners, but of the man himself. . . . and will always be interesting, always fascinating, because it bears in every line the precious stamp of truth."—*Daily Telegraph*, March 11.

PEPYS'S DIARY and CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Lord BRAYBROOKE. With 100 Steel Portraits, arranged as a Synopsis, Memoir, and full Index. The Chambers Library Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

"FOOD AND FEEDING."—NEW EDITION.

Carefully Revised, with numerous Additions, including a special chapter on "Cow's Milk," also one on "The Selection and Preparation of Fish," &c.

FOOD AND FEEDING. By Sir HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S.

Third Edition, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., Bedford Street, Strand.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

LORD TENNYSON'S NEW BOOK.

Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

THE CUP: and THE FALCON.

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,
Poet-Laureate.

Ready March 18, with Portraits, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 36s.

THE LIFE OF
FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE,

Chiefly told in his Own Letters.

Edited by his Son, FREDERICK MAURICE.

With 2 Portraits, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 36s.

AT ALL THE LIBRARIES.—A NEW AMERICAN NOVEL.

BETHESDA.

By BARBARA ELBON.

3 vols. crown 8vo. price 31s. 6d.

SAMOA. A Hundred Years Ago and long before, together with Notes on the Customs of Twenty-three other Islands in the Pacific. By GEORGE TURNER, LL.D., of the London Missionary Society. With a Preface by E. B. TYLON, F.R.S. With Maps. Crown 8vo. 9s.

POETRY of MODERN GREECE: Specimens and Extracts. Translated by FLORENCE M'PHERSON. Fcp. 8vo. 6s.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—An Article by J. COMYNS CARR, with Engravings after important Pictures by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, appears in THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for MARCH.

WILLIAM MORRIS.—A Poem by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, Author of "The Earthly Paradise" &c., appears in THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for MARCH.

Price SIXPENCE; by post, EIGHTPENCE.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH:

1. "MRS. HARTLEY, WITH HER CHILD AS A YOUTHFUL BACCHANAL." After Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. (Frontispiece.)
2. MEETING IN WINTER. A Poem. By WILLIAM MORRIS.
3. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. By J. COMYNS CARR. With numerous Illustrations.
4. AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH CORNWALL (to be continued). By the AUTHOR of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." With Illustrations by C. NAPIER HENRY.
5. SHAKESPEARE IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE. By Rev. ALFRED AINGER. With Illustrations by C. O. MURRAY.
6. JULIA (Conclusion). By WALTER BESANT.
7. FABLES FROM ÆSOP—THE KID AND THE WOLF. Translated by ALFRED CALDECOTT, M.A. With Illustrations by RANDOLPH CALDECOTT.
8. THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES. Chapters 12-14. (To be continued.) By CHARLOTTE M. YONCE.

Ornaments, Initial Letters, &c.

Single numbers, 6d., by post 8d.; Yearly, post free, 7s. 6d.

TO MEET THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE NEW CODE.

THE SHORTER GLOBE READERS: a

New Series of Reading Books for Standards I. to VI. Edited by A. F. MURISON, sometime English Master in the Aberdeen Grammar School.

PRIMER I. 48 pp. 2d.	STANDARD III. 178 pp. 1s. 0d.
PRIMER II. 48 pp. 3d.	STANDARD IV. 182 pp. 1s. 0d.
STANDARD I. 92 pp. 6d.	STANDARD V. 216 pp. 1s. 3d.
STANDARD II. 124 pp. 9d.	STANDARD VI. 228 pp. 1s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., 29 BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

DE LA RUE & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

GENERAL GORDON'S RULE IN THE SOUDAN TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS. 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

COLONEL GORDON in CENTRAL AFRICA, 1874-1879. With a Portrait and Map of the Country. From Original Letters and Documents. Edited by GEORGE BLINCKLEY HILL, D.C.L., Author of the "Life of Sir Rowland Hill, &c." &c.

Fourteenth Edition, 8vo. cloth, gilt extra, 5s.

THE LAWS and PRINCIPLES of WHIST. The Standard Work on Whist. By "CAVENDISH." Greatly Enlarged and Revised throughout.

New and Important Work on Whist. Second Edition, cap 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE PHILOSOPHY of WHIST. By Dr. POLE, F.R.S. An Essay on the Scientific and Intellectual aspects of the modern Game. THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., London.

MESSRS. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS' PUBLICATIONS.

NEW NOVEL BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

This day is published.

AN OLD MAN'S LOVE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

A special interest attaches to this Work, as being the last Novel left in a complete form by the late Mr. Anthony Trollope.

This day is published,

THE SECOND EDITION OF

ESSAYS BY GEORGE ELIOT

WITH LEAVES FROM HER NOTE-BOOK.

Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MISS GORDON CUMMING'S NEW WORK.

This day is published.

GRANITE CRAGS: the Yō-semité Region of California. By C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Author of "Fire Fountains," "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," "At Home in Fiji," &c. 8vo. Illustrated with 8 Engravings, 16s.

"Miss Cumming possesses a rare facility for investing sketches of travels with interest, and it is enough to say of her latest contribution to descriptive literature that it is worthy of her reputation."—*Globe*.
"This pleasant book..... We put down the book hoping that this abrupt end may augur the speedy appearance of another volume as amusing and instructive as 'Granite Crags.' The photo-engravings are not the least attractive part of the book."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

SEVENTH EDITION.

ALTIOIRA PETO. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Crown 8vo. Illustrated, 6s.

"Brilliant and delightful..... The book is one which everybody will greedily read and greatly admire. It is the outcome of singular originality and independence..... It contains enough to equip a score of ordinary novelists for the production of a score of extraordinary novels."—*Athenæum*.

SEVENTH EDITION.

THE REVOLT of MAN. By WALTER BESANT.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

"His whole picture is carefully finished, and implies an extraordinary amount of thought and observation..... The romance contains a love story, carried on under conditions of freshness that will inspire envy in the hearts of many a novelist."—*Globe*.

NEW EDITION.

MY TRIVIAL LIFE and MISFORTUNE:

a Gospel with no Plot in Particular. By A PLAIN WOMAN. Crown 8vo. 6s.

"The story of 'My Trivial Life' is a genuine book, and may indeed be esteemed for one of the bitterest and cleverest novels produced of late years..... We can recall few books of recent years in which there is such an intensity of life, such a passionate outpouring of experience."—*Saturday Review*.

SECOND EDITION.

THE MILLIONAIRE. By LOUIS J. JENNINGS,

Author of "Field Paths and Green Lanes," "Rambles among the Hills," &c.

3 vols. post 8vo. 25s. 6d.

"The millionaire is the romantic figure par excellence of the nineteenth century. Mr. Dexter Fife, the American millionaire of the story before us, is a decided success. We follow his doings with unflagging interest. To the story we have little but praise to give."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

This day is published.

ALISON. By the Author of "Miss Molly,"

"Delicia." "Geraldine Hawthorne," &c. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 25s. 6d.

"The charm of a story of this kind needs no explanation; and for this charm, as well as for the unobtrusive excellence of its tone and motive, 'Alison' must be cordially recommended."—*Globe*.

This day is published.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM; and

other Stories. By RUDOLPH LINDAU. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

"These are excellent specimens of the kind of short story for which 'Blackwood's Magazine' has long been famous."—*Full Mail Gazette*.
"A collection of five very clever stories by an undoubtedly clever writer."—*Whitcomb Review*.

This day is published.

THE APPARITION. By the Author of

"Post Mortem." Crown 8vo. with Frontispiece, 5s.

"Is a good and well-written ghost story..... The story is told with a certain quaint humour and point, and with some pleasant reminiscences of old-fashioned manners."—*Daily News*.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

THE ECONOMIC REVOLUTION of INDIA

and the PUBLIC WORKS POLICY. By A. K. CONNELL, M.A., Author of "Discontent and Danger in India." Crown 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

"Mr. Connell supports his position by a powerful array of figures."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"The criticisms of Mr. Connell may be pursued with advantage."—*Westminster Review*.

"Every one interested in the great and important question of the future of India will do well to study Mr. Connell's work."—*Morning Post*.

"Mr. Connell attacks the (Public Works) system with vigour."—*Academy*.

LONDON: KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, PRICE SIXPENCE.

Serial Novels, Short Stories, Literary, Dramatic, and Sporting Articles, Scientific Articles, and Poems, by the most Popular Writers of the day.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. XVII.—MARCH, PRICE SIXPENCE.

SECOND EDITION.

CONTENTS:

JACK'S COURTSHIP: a Sailor's Yarn of Love and Shipwreck.
By W. CLARK RUSSELL. Chapters XIII.—XVI.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CYCLING. By G. LACY HILLIER,
Amateur Bicycle and Tricycle Champion, 1881.

BALLADE OF AN ENGLISH HOME. By ANDREW LANG.

"MANAGER" GOETHE. By CHARLES HERVEY.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE. By E. NESBIT.

QUEER FISHES. By JOHN GIBSON.

MADAM. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Chapters XI.—XV.

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Sir W. STIRLING MAXWELL, Bart. K.T.
DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA; or, Passages from
the History of the Sixteenth Century, 1547-1578. With numerous
illustrations engraved on Wood, including Portraits, Drawings of
Shipping, Pieces of Armour, Weapons of War, Costumes, &c., from
Authentic Contemporary Sources. Library Edition, 3 vols. royal
8vo. 42s.

Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart. LL.D.
The STORY of the UNIVERSITY of EDIN-
BURGH during its First Three Hundred Years. 2 vols. 8vo. with
21 Portraits and 7 Illustrations engraved on Wood, 36s.

Rev. ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D.
The LIFE and TIMES of JESUS the
MESSIAH. 2 vols. 8vo. 42s.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER, LL.D.
HISTORY of ENGLAND from the Accession
of James the First to the Outbreak of the Civil War. Cabinet
Edition. In course of publication, to be completed in 10 vols.
price 6s. each. Vols. I.—VIII. now ready. [Vol. IX. on April 1.]

RICHARD JEFFERIES.
RED DEER. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
"In this, his latest work, Mr. Jefferies has broken fresh ground, and, with that fidelity to
Nature which characterizes his rural descriptions, he has drawn a vivid picture of the last
haunt of the wild red deer in England. This book is one of the pleasantest we have read for a
long time." *Spectator*.

R. QUAIN, M.D.
A DICTIONARY of MEDICINE: including
General Pathology, General Therapeutics, Hygiene, and the Diseases
peculiar to Women and Children. By Various Writers. Edited by
RICHARD QUAIN, M.D. F.R.S. &c. Fellow and late Senior Censor of
the Royal College of Physicians. Seventh Thousand, in 1 vol.
medium 8vo. pp. 1,836, with 138 Wood Engravings, 31s. 6d. cloth, or
40s. half-bound in Russia: to be had also in 2 vols. 34s. cloth.

JAMES PAYN.
THICKER THAN WATER: a Novel. Re-
printed from *Longman's Magazine*. New and Cheaper Edition, in
1 vol. crown 8vo, 6s.

Lord SALTOUN.
SCRAPS; or Scenes, Tales, and Anecdotes from
Memories of my Earlier Days. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.
"A more amusing book than this has not been written for a long time."
"The work is a perfect treasure of stories of life from nearly half a century ago."
DAILY TELEGRAPH.
COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

ALAN A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.
The PRINCIPLES and PRACTICE of ELEC-
TRIC LIGHTING. With 54 Illustrations, crown 8vo. 5s.
"The aim of the author has been to write a book which
should be on the one hand sufficiently simple and devoid of techni-
calties to be easily understood by unscientific readers, and on the
other sufficiently comprehensive and up to date to give reliable
information on all the principal appliances and systems."

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Vols. I. and II. (Nov. 1882—Oct. 1883) now ready,
price 5s. each, cloth boards.

Amongst the Contributions to Longman's Magazine are

SERIAL NOVELS.

By James Payn, Bret Harte, Clark Russell, Mrs. Oliphant.

SHORT STORIES.

By F. Anstey, Author of "Vice Versa"; M. Betham-Edwards, Thomas
Hardy, Mrs. Oliphant, R. L. Stevenson, Julian Sturgis, D. Christie
Murray, &c.

SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES.

By Prof. Owen, Prof. Tyndall, R. A. Proctor, Grant Allen, R. H. Scott,
Andrew Wilson, Rev. J. G. Wood, &c.

LITERARY AND GENERAL ARTICLES.

By J. A. Froude, E. A. Freeman, A. K. H. B., John Burroughs, Dutton
Cook, Rev. H. R. Haweis, W. D. Howells, Richard Jefferies, Justin
McCarthy, Mrs. Craik, B. W. Richardson, Samuel Smiles, &c.

POEMS.

By the Author of "The Epic of Hades," Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang,
Edmund W. Gosse, Jean Ingelow.

STANDARD WORKS.

Lord MACAULAY.
LIFE and LETTERS of Lord MACAULAY.
By the Right Hon. G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P.
LIBRARY EDITION, 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, 36s.
CABINET EDITION, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.

HISTORY of ENGLAND from the Accession
of James II.
LIBRARY EDITION, 5 vols. 8vo. 24s.
CABINET EDITION, 5 vols. post 8vo. 42s.

CRITICAL and HISTORICAL ESSAYS.
LIBRARY EDITION, 3 vols. 8vo. 36s.
CABINET EDITION, 4 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

LAYS of ANCIENT ROME. Illustrated by
G. Scharf. Fcp. 4to. 10s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.
LIBRARY EDITION, 2 vols. 8vo. Portrait, 21s.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS and
SPEECHES.
CABINET EDITION, including Indian Penal Code, Lays of
Ancient Rome, and Miscellaneous Poems. 4 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

COMPLETE WORKS of Lord MACAULAY.
Edited by his Sister, Lady TREVELYAN.
LIBRARY EDITION, with Portrait, 5 vols. demy 8vo. £3 5s.
CABINET EDITION, 16 vols. post 8vo. £4 16s.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.
The HISTORY of ENGLAND from the Fall
of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.
CABINET EDITION, 12 vols. crown 8vo. £3 12s.
POPULAR EDITION, 12 vols. crown 8vo. £2 2s.

SHORT STUDIES on GREAT SUBJECTS.
4 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.

CÆSAR, a Sketch. With Portrait and Map.
8vo. 16s.

The ENGLISH in IRELAND in the EIGH-
TEENTH CENTURY. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.

THOMAS CARLYLE, a History of the first
Forty Years of his Life. With 2 Portraits and 4 Illustrations.
2 vols. 8vo. 32s.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.
HISTORY of CIVILISATION in ENGLAND
and FRANCE, SPAIN, and SCOTLAND. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 24s.

JOHN STUART MILL.
A SYSTEM of LOGIC, Ratiocinative and
Inductive. 2 vols. 8vo. 20s.
PRINCIPLES of POLITICAL ECONOMY.
2 vols. 8vo. 30s.; or 1 vol. crown 8vo. 5s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES,
at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, March 15, 1884.